

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,130 Vol. 120.

23 October 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
<b>NOTES OF THE WEEK</b>	385	<b>VERSE:</b>		<b>CORRESPONDENCE—(continued).</b>	
<b>LEADING ARTICLES:</b>		In October. By Beatrice Cregan	396	War and Sacrifice	399
The Government	388	Edith Cavell. By Francis Coutts	397	"The Brazen Trumpet"	400
The British Submarines in the Baltic	389	<b>CORRESPONDENCE:</b>		Royal School for Naval and Marine	
The Ways and Means of War	390	The German Record	397	Officers' Daughters (Admiral Sir	
Oxford and Cambridge for Ever!	391	The Zeppelin Side-Show	397	Hedworth Meux)	400
The Great War: Appreciation		Reprisals (Major-General Sir Alfred		Etc., etc.	
(No. 64). By Vieille Moustache	392	E. Turner)	397	<b>REVIEWS:</b>	
<b>MIDDLE ARTICLES:</b>		Lord Derby's Scheme	398	The International Outlaw	401
Memories of Aden and Lahej. By		Conscription or Money Rewards?	399	Great Days	402
Colonel Keene, D.S.O.	394	The Armenian Massacres	399	Fancies for Children	402
Some Faded Operas. By John F.		Socialists and National Service	399	The Poet's Function	403
Runciman	395	Cotton as Contraband	399	A Friendly Physician	404
Dr. Fuller's Good General	396			Latest Books	404
				Books Received	404

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is wise at a time like this to distinguish clearly between heroical counsels and heroism. Just now we have plenty of both, and they are quite different things, though shallow minds often confuse them. Heroism is being practised in all theatres of the war to-day, on land and sea, by our soldiers and sailors: whereas heroical counsels are being preached, safely and cheaply, by too many people whose magnificent but vague notion is to kick over everything in the way of Government and discipline and set up—somehow or other—an executive of "strong men", who won't "shilly-shally", who "know their own minds", and so forth. Wise people will prefer the heroism to the heroical counsels when the country is in grave difficulties. Heroical counsels, much advertised and loudly trumpeted, will often turn out, when closely scrutinised, not to be heroical at all; they will be found to spring from not only loose and hasty thinking, but from impatience and indiscipline, which are not heroic. Moreover, they often spring from a lack of steadiness, and to-day we need steadiness above all things.

In the personal explanation in the House of Commons on Wednesday by Sir Edward Carson of why he has resigned, first and foremost we notice an entire absence of the heroical counsel. He strikes no attitude. A more quiet and dignified, a more modest, explanation by a retiring Minister has rarely or never been made in Parliament. Neither in the lines nor between the lines can people fairly read into it any vaunt or egotistic declaration that his colleagues are a weak lot of shilly-shallies, and that he is the only man in the country to pull things through. He says simply that he cannot agree with the conduct of the Government in regard to the new crisis in the Near East, and that he cannot, therefore, with a good conscience remain any longer in the Government. To quote two essential statements from his explanation: "At every Cabinet I have attended we have all devoted

our energies wholly and solely to the discussion of questions which arose concerning the prosecution of the war; and I desire to say also that during the whole time I have been in the Cabinet I have never had any personal difference with the Prime Minister, whose unvarying courtesy I desire to acknowledge, or with any one of my late colleagues. May I also add that no one realises more than I do the great difficulties under which we labour, owing to the fact that our policy and our methods must be at all times adopted in concert and co-ordination with our various Allies, and must also very frequently be framed with a view of consulting the sentiments and feelings of those neutral countries with whom we remain on friendly terms? This, I think, is a matter which is often lost sight of by critics of our actions, who cannot possibly know the difficulties of the questions which arise from time to time."

"The difficulties which have arisen in the Eastern theatre of war have created a situation which, to my mind, must necessarily lead to very far-reaching results. At the time I entered the Cabinet we were already committed to what I may call the operations in Gallipoli. It is not, of course, my intention to deal either with the inception or the carrying out of those operations; but it must be plain to any observer that the new theatre of war in the Balkans created a situation which could not be divorced from our position on the Gallipoli Peninsula. The statement made in this House by the Foreign Minister under the sanction of the Cabinet appears to me to have announced a policy of the highest importance as to our obligations in the Balkans involving our prestige and our honour. That situation, with all its complications, necessitated, in my opinion, a clearly defined and well-thought-out and decisive policy on the part of His Majesty's Government. Finding myself unable to agree in any respect with what I understood was laid down as a policy approved by His Majesty's Government, I felt that my presence in the Cabinet could not be of any use in the critical situation in which we were involved. I need

hardly say I am not suggesting that my views are possibly to be compared with those who have much more experience and greater wisdom in dealing with such situations. At the same time I held, and hold, the views which I expressed very strongly and, I hope the House will believe, conscientiously and patriotically. (Cheers.) I do not, therefore, think that, in the circumstances, I could be anything but a source of weakness at a time which requires great strength and consistency". Sir Edward Carson is a severe loss to the Government. Of course the Cabinet still remains quite absurdly large—a cumbrous Cabinet, it has been from the first of course impossible to deny—but it could ill spare its Attorney-General. The ship has been overloaded, to be frank, with a quantity of unnecessary ballast which it should have dropped. Instead, it has dropped one of the best members of the crew.

Lord Derby's new recruiting scheme has now been published, and will be in full swing at once. The men of serviceable age, the "number of whose doors"—as it has been grimly said by a member of the Government—are all known to the War Office through the National Register, are to be scientifically divided for purposes of canvassing and visiting into classes according to whether they are married or unmarried, and according to their ages. The unmarried are to be tackled first, and then the married. They are to be "tactfully" tackled by various agencies which are already busy throughout the whole country.

Lord Derby's final attempt must be supported by all patriotic people; and in any case it would be a most unwise and shortsighted plan for believers in obligatory National Service to discourage or try to baulk it; for then, on its failure, the Radicals and Socialists and their papers would at once declare that the scheme was not given a fair chance, and that they would therefore fiercely oppose compulsion. Nothing is surer than that. Therefore to have any chance of securing discipline and a scientific system, all believers in National Service must sternly discipline themselves, and await with patience and restraint the outcome of Lord Derby's scheme.

We may add this: it is very gratifying to know that the country has once more in its great needs to turn to a leader of its old ruling class for aid and counsel. Had it not been for the very splendid efforts of the class which before the war was ceaselessly taunted and defamed by demagogues and democrats we should certainly have gone under to Germany before now. The Army, the Navy, and the vast bulk of the organising work at home—each impresses on one the same lesson: namely, that this taunted and defamed class has saved the situation. "Democracy" may be a great thing—it certainly is great in bulk—but in its extremity it has had to go cap in hand to "Aristocracy" and beg to be helped out. Democracy's own people, its trusted champions, let it down low indeed in peace, telling it only to fill its belly, and now behold, lying on the ground, it has to shout to its imaginary foes to hasten to its aid and pull it up!

The chief point of interest during the week as to the Serbian campaign has been the fate of Vrania and the Salonika-Nish railway. The Bulgarians early in the week claimed to have occupied Vrania and cut the railway. The Serbs have now admitted the occupation of Vrania and a section of the railway. Vrania lies in the pass or "corridor" which divides Serbia north and south, on which most of the internal communications of Serbia depend. At present all the armies have entered or are converging upon this passage. The Austro-Germans under Mackensen are descending from the north. The Bulgarians are striking into the passage from the east by lateral ways. Serbian forces occupy sections of the passage, and will be cleared out only with difficulty. The importance of Vrania lies in the fact that it strides the passage of the railway which runs along it from Salonika to Nish.

We shall say nothing at this time as to the offer to Greece of the island of Cyprus. This is simply a stage in negotiations lately in progress with the Greek Government. The news has slipped somehow into the Press without the official seal of the Foreign Office; but since the Press has treated the news with discretion, no harm has been done by its publication.

On the Western front there has been heavy bombardment on both sides, and determined attacks by the Germans. These have been successfully repulsed. To the west of Champagne the Germans took some positions of the French first line, but were driven back with "important losses". The attack on the British was made at Hulluch. It followed a heavy bombardment, and was delivered by the German infantry over open ground. Sir John French wires that it was "completely stopped by our combined artillery, machine-gun, and rifle fire". The Germans then attacked with bombs near the Hohenzollern Redoubt and Fosse 8. But here again they were repulsed with losses described as "heavy". The bombardment by the enemy with shells of all calibres is reported by the French as being extremely heavy; but it was invariably answered by concentrated and successful fire from the Allied lines.

On the Eastern front the campaign pivots for the moment upon Riga. German forces are within twelve miles of the town, according to admissions of the Russian staff. "Terrific fighting" is reported in the whole of this region of the Dvina. Thirty miles south-east of Riga the Germans are bombarding the railway which runs back from Riga to Dvinsk. This indicates that a third and very resolute thrust is being made in this difficult region. It is a sudden development which rather discounts the success of General Ivanoff in the South.

All the more agreeable is the news from the Baltic concerning the activity of our British submarines under command of the Russian Admiral. The immense difficulties of an attack upon Riga from the West would be considerably modified if the German Fleet could act systematically and openly in the Baltic. The only considerable movement of the Germans upon Riga from the sea was unsuccessful, and the latest achievements of our submarines may at least be taken to mean that the German claims of naval supremacy in the Baltic are hardly justified. Without resorting to any of the conduct which has deeply disgraced the German Navy, the British submarines are making themselves seriously felt. We discuss elsewhere the circumstances which give to this news from the Baltic a special motive for a quite unreserved and hearty satisfaction.

Meantime the chafing of the German mind under this further proof that the power of the British Navy is a supreme factor in the war is reflected in the German Press. We have more to go by than the simple news, though the news is good enough. Many vessels have been sunk, and a German torpedo-boat, flustered by active service conditions in home waters, has been rammed by the great steam ferry Preussen, whom it was commissioned to protect! But the news is not all. There is, in addition to this news, the temper of the Press, the naïve raging and swearing with which the German public greets any evidence of Great Britain's power by sea; and, beyond this, there are also shouted appeals to Sweden to deal with this new "intolerable trick" of Great Britain—the trick, namely, of interfering with German imports and exports across the Baltic. Sweden is virtually told to declare war upon Great Britain, the common enemy, and twitted with enjoying against all right and decency a "paradise of peace". Sweden is to insist that the British submarines shall cease and return to port. Otherwise Scandinavia may forfeit the esteem of the world.

The German Press might here be reminded that one Scandinavian nation at any rate has already won the



esteem of the world by protesting outright against the vile conduct of a German war vessel in shelling a defenceless and stranded crew of a British submarine grounded on her coast. The Scandinavian nations will hardly be impressed by the line taken in the German Press. More especially they will wonder why they should intervene to save Germany from a British Navy which is never admitted by the German Press to be of the slightest real importance in the war. The German Press first declares that the British sea power is negligible, and then entreats the neutral nations to throw off the British tyranny at sea! Only this week, seeking to cover the wounds dealt to the sensitiveness of the German public by British sea power, the "Hamburger Nachrichten" illogically writes: "Doubtless there is no longer any State which believes in the reconstruction of the Russian steam-roller, and equally feeble is now the legend that Great Britain could by means of her sea power influence decisively the course of the European war. These are proved facts of the highest importance. One can understand that the smaller neutral States are cautious in the application of these facts, but signs are increasing that the appreciation of them is making progress, and that these neutral States do not consider themselves bound to put up with everything which may please British tyranny at sea."

What the British Navy has really achieved in the present war is opportunely set forth in a Trafalgar manifesto which we have received from Mr. Robert Verburgh, of the Navy League. If space allowed we would print here in full this entirely correct and indisputable statement as to the work of the British Navy. It helps to explain the mortification of Germany and the desire of the German public to ignore the existence of a British Fleet.

The Zeppelin inquests and the official account of the conduct of London under the raid are now available for all German readers who really desire to appreciate honestly the character of these gallant invasions. They successfully inflict the horrors of death and mutilation upon defenceless non-combatants, and they inflict these horrors completely at random. The official record of the wandering Zeppelins clearly shows the capriciousness of their career and their entire lack of object, save the object of dropping bombs somewhere within the London area. The Zeppelin commanders simply did not know where exactly they were or what they were doing. They hit indiscriminately at the countryside, suburban villas, business premises, flats, and workmen's dwellings. Their most rapid fire was reserved for detached and semi-detached houses far away from all camps, stores, stations, searchlights, or guns. The claim of the German *communiqués* that these raids have a military object; that tactical points alone are aimed at with a deadly and open-eyed precision; that they expressly avoid our monuments and civilian quarters is boasting and blather. Meantime Mr. Balfour and Sir John Simon have reassured the public by some frank speaking in the House of Commons. The Zeppelins are being as well met as is possible with our present resources.

We are not impressed by the pathetic appeals of lay preachers that on no account must Germany be visited by reprisals in kind; that we must be careful not to drop a bomb near any of her open towns lest our conscience should be assailed. If we knew that we could stop Germany from bombing our open towns and slaying our women and children by bombing her open towns, we ought at once to bomb them. But surely there are difficulties in the way? That is the common sense, as well as the humanity, of it.

President Wilson has delivered a very straight rebuke to all those in America who have engaged in propaganda on behalf of other countries. Obviously it is directed in the first instance against the active conspirators and meddlers whose work has culminated in the recall of Dr. Dumba. The rebuke is in form quite strictly neutral; and there is nothing in the

words used to indicate that it is not equally intended for the more open champions of the Allied cause. That it is clearly addressed to the agents of Count Bernstorff is shown by the practical instances of the attitude which Dr. Wilson condemns.

People are asking, apropos of the new orders for the restraint of the export of cotton piece goods, as to what precisely has been the effect of making cotton contraband of war. We have warned our readers from the first that there was no magic in the word contraband; that the changes would be legal rather than practical; and that no attention should be paid to the ignorant clamour of those who made of contraband a fetich. The policy of these gentlemen where it stayed at contraband amounted to nothing; and where it went beyond contraband would have led us into very grave difficulties with neutral States. It might even have led us into war. The signs now are that in each of these conclusions we were completely right. We venture to assert that the late declaration of contraband has made no practical difference between Germany's supplies to-day and Germany's supplies under the late Orders in Council which were in force during the summer. It is even clearer that the "heroic" policy of certain roughshod amateurs would by now have led us into a diplomatic disaster.

Has there yet been a debate on the new Budget in the House of Commons without a speech from Sir Alfred Mond, or Mr. Lough, or Mr. Outhwaite, or Mr. Snowden, or some other member of the little band which thinks the Government is conspiring against them to bring in a protection of British industries? When will these automata, whose action is reflex but not reflected, be persuaded to bring their performance to a close? They are not now regarded either in the House or outside it. Their wretched little suspicions and anxieties have no relation to the politics of to-day, or to what is troubling and moving the country. They simply tend to bring discredit upon the House and upon the profession of politics. These orators were in spate again on Wednesday against the new taxes on motor-cars.

The Censor and his literary operations continue to engross a great deal of attention: and there is this rather droll fact about the controversy—among the bitterest arraigners of the Censor are to-day the Liberal and Radical Press of London. Yet the Censor—Sir Edward Cook, as we understand—is himself a doughty Liberal or Radical, the ex-editor of at least two London papers of that persuasion; and the Minister—Sir John Simon—responsible for his office in the House of Commons, is, likewise, a doughty Liberal or Radical. Here truly is a case of Actæon being eaten by his own hounds. Tories and "Conscriptionists" in office to-day are described as guilty of many sins; but at least they cannot be accused of the sins of Censorship, for they have no power whatever or place to-day in that office. It is run exclusively by "the other side".

We notice in this connection that in France, Italy, and Germany, also, there are uprisings against the Press Censors respectively of those countries. Would it be practicable to set up a new kind of Hague Conference, where all four countries could be represented, and settle the question of the Press Censorship by some international arrangement? We are sure that plenty of good Radicals and their Pressmen would be glad to attend another Hague Conference to-day.

The execution of Miss Cavell is an act which throws into a high, dramatic relief the vile character of German rule in Belgium. It outrages the compassion for which she died, and every feeling of humanity and chivalry. It is unforgettable, not simply owing to the pitiful circumstances, but to the fact that neutral pleaders made it a test appeal to the mercy of her executioners. The thing is beyond extenuation.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE GOVERNMENT.

IT is embarrassing for a weekly review to have to write of the Government, because one cannot feel confident that before one's words have been a day in print the Government itself may not be out of print. However, those who hoped that Sir Edward Carson, in retiring, would strive to pull down the Ministry were wrong. With a patriotism that could not be improved on, he, on the contrary, took special pains in his personal explanation on Wednesday to do nothing of the kind; so that the Government is not yet, as the wreckers or irresponsibles expected, done for.

When the Government was formed last June we had little patience with the critics who at once announced that it was a failure, and ought by all the rules of precedent and politics to break up shortly, and never should have been formed at all; for of all these criticisms we never were able to discover one which offered any really good *working substitute within the Constitution*. Nor, to tell the truth, is any really good working substitute offered by critics, friendly or unfriendly, to-day, except this—a reshuffle of the Coalition leading to (1) a change of Minister in one or two of the chief offices in the Cabinet, and (2) a drastic reduction in the numbers of that Cabinet. That, so far as we can discover, is the only workable alternative to the present Government, unless we are to make a scrap-heap of the past and set to work in the middle of our perplexities to hammer out a new Constitution and a new system of Government all round. Of course, if we are to make a scrap-heap, and start afresh, there are any number of engaging proposals; indeed, they seem to be almost as numerous as the new inventions, naval and military, which according to "Punch" are carried every week to the embarrassed officials of the Admiralty and the War Office. The scrap-heap once agreed upon, we are offered despotisms and dictatorships in plenty; first consulships; committees of public safety and committees of public security—in the French Revolution they had both sorts—together with, of course, the inevitable directorate of plain business men, which, by the way, we seem to remember Lord Rosebery proposing long since in his salad days. Many of these and kindred proposals have been well spoken or written of, but their supporters have fought shy of the question of how we are to set about making the scrap-heap first, or of who is to bell the cat. The truth is, they know it can only be done, if it is to be done, by a revolution outright—or by a violent upheaval suddenly caused by some big and unexpected reverse or catastrophe in the war; because there is no chance of the House of Commons sitting down to annul itself, and sending the measure up in the ordinary way to the House of Lords, and thence to the Crown: and, however censorious they may be of the existing Coalition or National Government, and however much in love with a dictatorship or a directory of business men, they do not at all like the idea of a preliminary revolution: hence their proposals, when examined, grow very vague and usually melt away into thin air.

Within the Constitution and the existing system of Government, it is true, there is the proposal that we should have a General Election, and, through it, try the effect of a return to ordinary Party Government such as we started the war with, and have been accustomed to all our lives. There is certainly nothing revolutionary in that. But do the critics who desire that

course to-day really believe that it would get us out of our war difficulties, and give us a Government greatly superior in war mettle to the present Coalition one? In the first place such a General Election would—it is dead certain—be an intensely bitter and brutal one. There would be a fight—only to mention one question—over national compulsory service, compared with which the fight over Home Rule, or over the big and little loaf, or over Chinese Slavery, would be an affable little sparring match. Then if the Party came into power that was in power when the war started, how should we be more forward in the task of winning the war than we are to-day? Or suppose the Conservatives came in by a small majority, is it likely that they could bring in and carry triumphantly through a great scheme of national compulsory service, with the Opposition—as it assuredly would be in such a case—fiercely resolved to make such a measure impossible in the country? Imagine, moreover, the effect of such an infuriated Party set-to on our Army and Navy, and on our Allies! We are certain it would result only in national shame and ruin. The thing is not seriously to be thought of—it would be the end of all things at a time like to-day.

Therefore, setting aside the vague proposals for dictatorship and directories and so forth, which could only be carried through by means of anarchy and a revolution first, and setting aside the proposal for a General Election and a return to the full rigour and savagery of the Party arrangement before the war, what remains as a substitute for the present Coalition Government but a reshuffle of the present material, by which—as now—both sides must still be represented? We can discover none, and do not believe anyone else has been able to discover one.

It may come, we daresay it will come, to a reshuffle of the present material. Several present members of the Cabinet will then probably drop out, and several members inside the Government, but outside the Cabinet, may—unless that Cabinet is severely pruned—fill their places. There are good men in the Government outside the Cabinet: we think we could name two, at any rate, with brain and character—and one of them with caustic wit—far above the ordinary Cabinet standard. In the case of a reshuffle, however, it must, of course, be the Prime Minister of whom all would be thinking and talking. We had rather not go into personalities here, but really the talk to-day about Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George is so widespread and so very open that it would be mere prudery not to mention it.

A great number of people to-day, among them both politically informed and politically uninformed, are saying and concluding that if only Mr. Asquith would go and Mr. Lloyd George were put in his place—why this "would win the war"! We doubt very much indeed whether anything of the kind would win the war; and, what is more, we doubt whether the improvement in regard to Men, Munitions, and Money would be anything like what these enthusiasts imagine. We do not want to belittle Mr. Lloyd George here, and we admire his great energies. But we really cannot forget that he is sometimes mistaken and impulsive. He is responsible for the unhappy and impossible compulsory part of the Munitions Act, the part which proposed to have a sort of conscript labour before having a conscript. The perilous drink crusade we also recall. No: Mr. Lloyd George, though a very clever and active worker to-day in the public cause, is not the potential Pitt nor the conjurer Chatham so many people take him to be. Perhaps it may, without offence, be added that the



writer of this article knew Mr. Lloyd George politically for a good many years, followed his Parliamentary career from its very start more than twenty years ago, and insisted and wrote that he would be in a Cabinet some day, and high in a Cabinet; though the view in those early days was that "cheek" was his one and only asset. Mr. Lloyd George has mounted, as the writer was sure he would mount, but it is extremely doubtful whether he would work any wonders as Prime Minister. We do not believe he would, and we believe that it would be "a gamble" to put him there if the chance occurred.

Then there is the point often made that the Cabinet is too large, too cumbrous. Beyond doubt it is that, but say it were about halved by a drastic stroke: would the effect be quick and very noticeable in regard to the conduct of the war? It is a question. No doubt, if there were a Prime Minister *in esse* or a Prime Minister *in posse* head and shoulders above his colleagues, that would be a good thing. But there is not such a Prime Minister. There are many very able men in public life to-day: there is no Coriolanus, with his superb "Alone I did it". More, there is no one figure who dwarfs the rest, if we consider, say, half a dozen or more of the chief men. Could, then, a Cabinet of, say, eleven or, say, nine instead of a Cabinet last week of twenty-two and this week of twenty-one, be expected to work wonders—a Cabinet, be it borne in mind, necessarily of both great parties in the State? We should say not.

So that it seems to us no counsel of despair, but merely horse-sense, to say that the nation has at present to get along with what it has, and keep up its courage. We may depend upon it that the enemy has his share of doubt and misgivings in spite of his prowess on land, and in spite of the fact that his system of rule is far better adapted than our system to war purposes. His threat and rapid advance in the Balkans are grave, and we do not at all like the position in the Near East generally. It is a bad position, and we have not men enough for a third great campaign. But the enemy is checked in Russia, and our position in Flanders and France is now quite secure. Considering that we entered into this struggle ludicrously unprepared for land war on a great scale, and that for many months—for, indeed, the best part of a year—the power of Germany seems not to have been grasped by the late Government, Great Britain stands not so badly to-day.

#### THE BRITISH SUBMARINES IN THE BALTIC.

THE Germans have a special sort of pride in two particular weapons of war. It is not the professional pride of a staff of experts in good military work or in a successful military device. It is not a pride in the German Army at all—an organisation in which pride would be a very natural and comprehensible emotion. It is a national and sentimental pride in (1) the German submarine which lately set out to "blockade" the hated islanders and in (2) the German Zeppelin, which has even more lately set out to bomb, burn, and kill the hated islanders in their own home.

The reasons of this pride are soon found. It is partly explained by the fact that submarines and Zeppelins are weapons which can be aimed quite particularly at England—the most hated foe. It is further explained by the fact that submarines and Zeppelins are weapons which, in a sense, are able to overpass the bulwark of the British Navy and ride tolerably at ease in British air and water. So far as they go they make the insulation of our people

less sure, and seem to show that the British Navy is not the impregnable defence it really is, and, so long as the craven German Navy fears to come out, the impregnable defence it will continue to be. This is all the more a powerful reason for pride on the part of the German nation, owing to the extreme sensitiveness of the German public to a fact which, after all its noisy triumph at the expense of torpedoed fisherfolk and sleeping civilians, has at last to be faced by the German nation, the fact, namely, that the British Fleet is as supreme by sea as though the German people had never expended a penny-piece upon Dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers. Anything which may seem to excuse, or make a little less intolerable to self-respect, the inaction of the German battle fleet in its harbours is very sweet consolation to the German people. The submarines and Zeppelins atone in little for the big default of the German Navy—a default at which the whole German nation chafes and rages, whose consequences the whole German nation minimises in its official reports and by every possible means endeavours to explain away.

There is yet another reason for Germany's pride and affection for the submarines and the Zeppelins. No one can read the German reports and articles concerning the raiding of British civilians by land or sea without realising that the Germans in their perverted minds do really think it very splendid and fine to talk loudly of being "ruthless" and very terrible. They take a pride in making of the German name a bogey to strike terror into the unarmed and the unwarlike. They think that simply to be feared is evidence of greatness, and they like to believe that they are terrifying fishermen in their boats and civilians in their beds. All this enters into their delight over the exploits of the Zeppelin and the submarine.

But there is happily another side to the matter. All this high pride is rather a dangerous kind of self-indulgence, because it is very vulnerable and liable at times to be suddenly deflated. It gives to the British foe occasional opportunities for a very supreme and hearty satisfaction whenever this pride can be made to take a nasty fall. Thus when Warneford bombed a big Zeppelin single-handed everyone in Great Britain rejoiced with a healthy and heartening pleasure—a pleasure quite unruffled by any sort of compassion for the disastrous total destruction of the enemy. Similarly, too, when a German submarine is caught or when a British submarine scores points in a game claimed with loud flourishing as essentially a German preserve, the British public feels that poetic justice sometimes steps out of plays and poems into life and history. If the British public has followed with keen zest the fine work of the British submarines, that is largely because of the advertisement given by Germany to this particular arm of the service. It will always be an instinctive and lawful thing to rejoice heartily when the "enginer" is hoist with his own petard. What, for example, could be more agreeable to British readers than the accounts that have come to hand this week of the activity of our submarines in the Baltic? It is not simply that we are glad to come upon evidence that the enemy's designs upon Riga are going less smoothly than might have been expected. Here, indeed, our pleasure tends to be chastened by anxiety for our Russian Ally, still hard pressed, and not yet assured of a respite either by land or sea. We do not base our satisfaction at all upon a "supremacy in the Baltic" or upon any foolish exaggerations as to the recent failure and losses of the German Fleet in their naval operations off the Gulf of Riga. Our satisfaction rests upon the fact, simple and unadorned, that the cherished weapon of the German Admiralty—the only weapon which the German Navy has dared to use systematically or to advertise as a proof of Germany's ingenuity and power upon the sea—that this weapon has been used with telling effect actually in the home waters of Germany.

Possibly it tends to be overlooked that there is no monopoly of skill or enterprise in the employment of submarines. Germany has in practice specialised in the use of under-water craft, and is thought of by neutral nations as essentially an under-water Power. But Germany has proved her title to nothing peculiar in this regard save only the peculiarity of employing her under-water power against non-combatants. The prize of gallantry and sheer naval achievement in respect of the submarine belongs, despite the specialising of Germany in under-water craft, to the British Navy. The German craft have nothing as yet to put beside the late penetration of the Sea of Marmora by British submarines—an achievement of the extremist skill and daring. The Germans have proved only one thing by all their pride and intensive culture of the submarine—a thing proved unhappily equally well in the matter of the Zeppelin—namely, that it is not difficult with the help of modern science to find suitable weapons with which to strike at the lives and goods of enemy civilians. But the Germans have yet to prove that they can put into the air or into the water anything in the least comparable as a serious weapon of war with either (1) the German Army or (2) the British Fleet. It would, indeed, be a battle to stagger the world if these two monsters—the greatest by land and by sea the world has ever seen—could each leave its particular element and meet in a trial of strength. But happily for Germany the British Navy cannot march upon Berlin, and happily for Great Britain and her Allies the German Army cannot come at Sir John Jellicoe by swimming. Meantime the Allies are making ready to meet the German Army by land. We cannot profess to know whether the German Navy is making equally ready to meet the British Navy by sea. The German Navy is hidden too securely behind its mines and submarines. All we do know is this—and it is a fact which every allied and neutral country knows equally well—that up to the present the German Navy has declined to fight and has not yet counted in any of the designs or campaigns of the war as an effective combatant. Moreover, the German nation knows it. It is a secret sore, which, in a boastful enemy, cannot be too frequently or harshly rubbed.

#### THE WAYS AND MEANS OF WAR.

THE warm gratitude of the public would at this time be due to any writers or speakers who could make difficult subjects, and subjects on which it is necessary to have a clear public opinion, attractive to ordinary minds. How to transfer useful and necessary knowledge from oligarchies of specialists to ordinary citizens is at all times the main problem that progress has to solve. Even the cutting of the Panama Canal is quite a small victory over hindrances when compared with the enormous work which ought to be done in the people's education, to aid the safe passage of truth and fact from a few learned experts to the household intelligence. For this work excellent interpreters are needed by tens of thousands. From time to time aspects of this or that great question are considered by big public men; but usually our big problems remain far off from ordinary readers because their experts write a language of their own, which is often as obscure as ribbed plate glass.

Since the war began there has been periodical talk about private thrift and public economy, and every bit of it has been ineffectual. Experts have talked clumsily, and amateurs fussily; there has been no interpretation that common folk—and especially housewives—can apply with intelligent patriotism to their own varying lot. The expert's method is dropsical and dull. It piles up the costs of war into Alps of soaring expenditure, which only a few minds are able to explore. To think of money in thousands of

millions may be a reasonable exercise for bankers and mathematicians, but men who earn small incomes cannot think even in a million sovereigns, happily for their peace of mind. Suppose a man earning £100 a year began to say to himself: "It will take me a thousand years to earn £100,000. I should have to live and toil for five thousand years in order to earn half a million." Can anyone suppose that this train of thought would encourage him to economise—to be more frugal than he has been—not for his own sake, but to help his native land? Overmuch curiosity about the meaning of finance has evident perils, which most of us have good reason to avoid.

Yet financial experts try to encourage thrift and economy by frightening the poor into panic-stricken views on national bankruptcy. Mr. Mallock almost alone has run counter to this unwise propaganda. No useful purpose can be served in a national way by trying to force a tragedy of finance into the public mind. Better by far to explain that the hard thrift imposed by war on the people in 1814 was considerably worse per head than that which we are called upon to bear now as a patriotic duty. To feel that we can vie with success against our own forefathers is a finer incentive than to read of a possible financial break-up. Such threats are very easy to write, no doubt, and hence their present frequency. As a rule they run as follows:

"For the current year the estimated expenditure is not less than £1,590,000,000; while the estimated revenue is only £305,000,000, leaving a deficit of £1,285,000,000. For next year, if the present rate of expenditure does not grow, the expense will be £1,825,000,000, while the revenue on the present basis may be expected to realise £387,000,000, leaving a deficit of £1,438,000,000. Our burden means a total expenditure by the Government amounting to not less than two-thirds of the entire estimated national income. And all these vast sums of money spent on the war must be borne by the nation almost entirely either in taxes or in loans."

To add other sentences of this high-explosive sort would be easy, until at last the inexpert public mind would be bombarded in a completely scientific manner, but not without volunteer help from those sectaries of finance who imply that all money spent on saving the nation's life is "unproductive", and therefore "wasteful". These poor sectaries chatter also about "stamping through debt into public and private bankruptcy", as if our daily war expenses put five millions of bullion into the Atlantic. It never occurs to these financial thinkers that money spent in rescuing a nation's life is not entirely wasted.

Meantime ordinary householders are not told in quiet, practical words what they ought to save for the State after paying their inescapable expenses: their rent, rates, taxes, season tickets, etc.; their weekly bills reduced to a minimum, and other necessary items, such as boots and new clothes, for civilian clothes and boots *do* wear out in a time of war, let financiers say what they will to the contrary. More important still, landlords *do* ask for their rents as soon as they are due, and they take from every small income a huge percentage. During about fifty years our country has suffered more and more from excessive rents. Yet this fact and its bearing on thrift are forgotten by public speakers, who, as a consequence, keep out of touch with householders and housewives. And other things also are forgotten by those who preach in general terms about saving as if the same lesson would seem true and practicable to every home in the United Kingdom.

No distinction is drawn between those whose incomes have been crippled by the war and those who have got from it a prosperity exceeding that of peace. Many professional men have lost 50 per cent. of their incomes, and many have lost much more. The impolicy of "the war bonus" has not appeared among workers in many stricken businesses. Why it has been granted to postmen, who earn a pension as well



as good wages and tips, we cannot guess, since it does not help the Government to impose thrift on the people. Surely thrift is self-sacrifice, not a war bonus to the well-fed, nor yet an increased wage to pay a new tax. The truth is that events during the last fourteen months have encouraged bad war finance in households. There has been a too violent contrast between stricken homes and prosperous families. These have enjoyed a roaring trade and high profits; the others have fought against hardship, often with help from charities—always demoralising to self-respect. Again, is it decent to earn out of war increased profits and wages? To defend this custom would be difficult, and certainly it cannot teach frugality.

If the Government would bear in mind the differing effects which the war has had on the finance of family life, official talks on the duty of saving would become more practicable; and therefore less open to criticism. Even Mr. Montagu has told the people that "every citizen ought to be prepared to put at least one-half of his current income at the disposal of the State either in the form of tax or in that of loan." Why talk in this manner to many thousands of families already impoverished by the war? What good can it do? It seems like an act of deliberate cruelty to tell the over-pressed that they must give to the State 50 per cent. of their weekly pittance. Besides, it is not yet a time of siege, but a time of abnormal prosperity among certain classes, who waste their earnings on pianos and motor-cars and tawdry amusements, and extravagant diet, and mere fripperies bought over the counters of luxury shops. Mr. Montagu does well to speak frankly to these spendthrifts, whose heads have been turned by a great success earned out of their country's peril. It is for them to read and mark.

In plain words, every public speech on money-saving needs social knowledge and imaginative sympathy. More harm than good is done by straggling and pretentious generalities. Mr. Montagu knows very well that "every citizen" cannot possibly give one-half of his current income to the State. There are many citizens who could and should; but the phrase "every citizen", being obviously false, provokes resentment and weakens the justice of a fine appeal.

Then there is the orthodox book-economist, a bore of bores, who chatters nonsense about an intricate social order built by sixty years of plethoric prosperity. He believes firmly that if citizens by unexampled thrift ruin most of their shopkeepers, no harm to the common good will be done. By some means or other the landlords will receive their rents, and the ruined and their employed, also by some means or other, will get profitable work to do for the State. Book-economists would be at home in such a primitive country as Serbia, but they misunderstand our island, with her ancient habits of cosy, lavish comfort. Even the English poor have been more reckless than the poor of any other country in Europe. Mr. McKenna thinks, or hopes, that additional taxation will teach spendthrifts to cut down a great deal of their present consumption; but habits and customs in a sheltered island are unusually stubborn; and what if increased taxation should cause the striking classes to demand higher wages?

The trades unions alone can teach their members how to be thrifty and how to bear with patriotic patience the squeeze of new taxes. But "economists" like to keep far off from practical matters. They have many wild-goose projects, such as the taxation of unmarketable capital, or of capital which cannot be sold, or, if sold, would be disastrous to the seller. It has been suggested, for instance, that all household furniture—including books and works of art—should be taxed to help the war. The result would be that those who have put trash into their homes would escape almost untouched, while those who have bought good books and encouraged good art and craft would be taxed very heavily. Better by far to tax household doors—which in most homes are too numerous—than to make war against the refinements of domestic life.

One point more. All the official talk about thrift and economy is compromised by the lavish expenditure of Government departments. There are two ways of instilling economy into the people who have room for economy. One way is by law—the way of taxation; the other is by example. Exhortation and emphatic statement are useless. They have been tried too often before.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE FOR EVER!

**D**R. STRONG, of Christ Church, newly appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, does well to insist upon the part of the Universities in the war. Oxford carries on to-day much as industrial France carries on—content to abide a frugal interim. Thereby Oxford and Cambridge, stripped of their men and their fees and their normal life, are laying up rich claims to be a vital part of English life. The absurd idea, encouraged by jealous outsiders, that the older Universities are cloistral, esoteric and remote—that they should be made "popular" and "practical", that they should be "nationalised" and consecrated to pure "utility"—these ignorant proposals look very foolish and small to-day.

We have several times referred to the way in which the older Universities have met the burden which to-day is laid on everyone who has a sense of what right and freedom mean. They have only acted as they were bound to act; but, in doing so, they have justified themselves in the eyes of many who once were quick to misconceive their spirit and intention. The older Universities were never meant to be a higher kind of polytechnique, where useful knowledge is distributed. The main intention of Oxford and Cambridge is not even scholarship and high thinking; though without these things, we truly believe, a nation will perish. The main intention of Oxford and Cambridge is to encourage a spirit among the young men of England which looks instinctively beyond utility and is conscious of a call to account very strictly to the world for such talent or power as a man may have. To make a man truly responsible without making him a prig—to make of him a gentleman without making him a "gent"—that is the intention of Oxford and Cambridge. A brilliant writer upon the idea of aristocracy in history, now with the Expeditionary Force in Flanders, has thus described the virtues at which a leader of men should aim. His virtue is "that he can be trusted at all times and in all places, that he is sincere, that he is staunch and constant in matters of principle; that he never sacrifices the greater to the less, and that he is sufficiently self-reliant and strong to consider others". This writer continues: "If England has shown any stability at all, it is owing to the fact that she has reared crop after crop of such men, and that these men have been sent to all corners of the globe to represent her".

To-day they are representing England in arms. Only three hundred men, unfit for active service, have answered the roll at Oxford during these last days of assembling for a new term. The normal scholarly, sporting and social life of the Universities does not now exist. The older Fellows have devoted themselves either to educating public opinion as to the war or to working directly under the Government. Oxford all last year was a garrison town. The grass has been worn from the playing-fields by battalions at drill. Men have come back to their University from the ends of the earth to find a place in the service of their country. All this simply means that the Universities have faithfully in a prosperous and, it was said, an idle past served their purpose. They have aimed at creating in their men the idea of obligation. They have rested quietly at the heart of English life. Through an age which more and more insisted upon direct value in coin as the reward for its activity they have stood for a learning which has been repeatedly denounced as "barren". They have kept generations of young men in touch with literature and with the finest thought of all ages. They have asked them

to learn many a thing for its own sake, and thus taught them a pride of doing well, as a good in itself, in things not immediately profitable. At a time when pride of work was fast ceasing to exist in England (witness the organised stinting and spoiling of labour practised in all our factories), the mere bright "uselessness" of Greek has been an argument for retaining it. It was a small detail which typifies the whole spirit of the Universities.

The best way to judge of an institution is by its fruits. Oxford and Cambridge clearly stand for education to-day as none of our later "democratic" institutions can do. They have imparted not merely knowledge, but citizenship. They have done this, without exhortation or preachment, by sheer force of their traditions and atmosphere. Education is breathed in as naturally and freely as the air. It is not a fragile thing of copy-books and good resolutions. It can stand tests which copy-book morality would fail to meet. England, in this time of need, can count very few defaulters among the men who have come down from Oxford and Cambridge. The Roll of Honour in this war will honour these institutions above all others.

We have probably heard the last of making the Universities democratic, for it is seen that they are far more democratic to-day than Federations of Trade Unions and Committees of Union and Progress. We are not going to exchange the young captain of to-day for expert contrivers who can speak German, but no Greek, and know how good bargains can be made at the public expense. The Universities, old as they are, stand to-day for the young idea of service and self-discipline as opposed to an evil interim of mad industrialism and selfish competition. They can be bold and militant henceforth, not quite so shy and flirtatious with "reform". Under pressure and criticism they have had in recent years to be a little diffident and reserved. Their directors have even yielded points to enemies who have envied and hated their distinction and desired to level all national education down to their own. Now the Universities are preserved to stand for a new spirit and generation. It will be their high function to inspire and lead far in the coming years, to spread farther and instil deeper the ideals for which they stand. They stand high among many things whose value, unsuspected by people who listened to shallow orators and fed upon worn phrases, the war has revealed. The men at the Front know this well enough; for they are winning in war emancipation from hearsay and the dominion of loose mouths. Before this war, with its harsh surprises and slow disillusion, is finished the whole nation will know it too. It needs to know, or it will go down altogether, that no nation can live behind a counter all its days. That is a truth for which the Universities have always stood, which they have bred into the flesh and blood of England for generations; and it is a truth which their former critics are fast beginning to learn in all its significance and scope.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 64) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

### THE BALKAN THEATRE.

#### I.

IT is not easy to write dispassionately of the new military problem which has been presented to the Allies in face of the diplomatic débâcle which has been unfolded. The situation bristles with difficulties, and is hedged round with a zereba of political uncertainties which complicate the question. Germany finds herself in sufficient strength to stage a third act of the war drama. The first act, laid in Belgium and France, which aimed a smashing blow at our Ally, lost its main interest when the plot of the conspirators was wrecked on the banks of the river Marne. The wreck still fills that stage, and countless thousands

are periodically sacrificed on both sides in the attempt to clear the débris. The second act, which looked for the coercion of Russia to conclude a separate peace, failed in its purpose, even after the triumphal march of German arms across the plains of Poland, Courland, and Lithuania. The stubborn resistance of our Ally in the East has yet to be overcome where she stands on the confines of her old domains. The third act is distinctly aimed at Great Britain, and the sooner she realises that the direct threat now made to her Empire is through the gates of the Balkans the sooner will the peril be averted. On the result of the new campaign that has opened on the Danube rests beyond doubt the question of supremacy in the Near East. The fates have augured ill for us at the outset of the struggle. It is pitiful to think that after fourteen months' experience we are foolish enough to appraise parchment at its old face value in spite of the appalling lesson taught us by the episode of the "scrap of paper". German-bred sovereigns have been grounded in the mysteries of German "kultur" and educated to read the code of honour through German spectacles. A policy without force at its back is doomed to become the laughing-stock of European Powers and even of minor Principalities. What better proof than the lessons of 1912-13? We have now the task of the war before us, and it is as well that we should face it and assume the directing hand. The bonds of alliance of the Entente Powers are apparently not yet of a sufficiently adamant type to act in complete unison. The individual interest of Italy seemingly does not travel beyond the confines of the Eastern littoral of the Adriatic. Our Ally France will spare what she can, but it is infinitely better for the purposes of war in the new theatre that one Power should hold the reins of direction unhampered by a multitude of counsellors both military and political. Germany, ever thorough in her methods, has taught us this lesson by the successful handling by the Great General Staff in Berlin of Austro-Hungarian armies in the Eastern theatre. The moment Germany caught hold of them and held them in her grip the tide of irresolution and defeat swayed back across lost Galicia to the confines of her enemy's frontiers.

#### II.

Germany comes upon the scene on the banks of the Danube with the leader of those successful phalanxes that drove the armies of the Grand Duke Michael from the banks of the river Dunajec to the western limits of the Pinsk Marshes. Von Mackensen's powerful armies have but a sprinkling of Austro-Hungarian corps among their numbers. The latter are brought into the fighting line again mainly to participate in German victories, and thus afford an opportunity of wiping out the stains of defeat given to them by the gallant Serbs. Victories in Serbia will go far to revive the waning spirit of moral which Austria-Hungary has lately evidenced. The Dual Monarchy may regain in Serbia a new lease of life. It is a gamble for her existence as an Empire, and in the venture she wisely entrusts her stakes to the will and manipulation of a master hand at war.

The numbers of the Austro-German striking force that is now operating across the Danube under von Mackensen probably total 300,000 men. On their right stands an Austro-Hungarian army based upon the Save and the Drina of a possible strength of 100,000 men, but men who have known defeat at the hands of our Ally, Serbia. At Orsova, nigh the Iron Gates of the Danube, where the frontiers of Hungary, Roumania, and Serbia converge, a third army should be expected, with the idea of working up the right (or south) bank of the Danube on Serbian soil for the 45 miles before contact is reached with the Bulgarian frontier. An uncompleted railway runs along this frontier in the valley of the river Timok to the Serbian town of Nish. Serbia alone with the interior lines of railway at her disposal could deal with the German-conducted menace, but the blow in the back threatened



to her by Bulgaria renders the military situation precarious to a degree. Already Serbia finds herself fighting upon two fronts perilously near to being back to back. While von Mackensen is working to the south up the valley of the Morava the Bulgar armies are pushing north-west direct on to Nish up the valley of the Nishava. Travellers by the Orient Express will recall that it is along these two valleys in Serbian territory lies the route from Belgrade to Constantinople.

The objective in war under oldtime rules was the capital of the country of the opponent. There peace was dictated by the conqueror. Railways have altered this conception of the objective. Governments and archives can shift about the theatre of operations until driven into a corner. Our Ally across the Channel has given us an example. The will of the conqueror is only imposed when the last form of resistance, the field army of his opponent, is at his mercy.

The aim of the Allies in this new venture in the Balkans is primarily the control of the railway line that traverses Northern Serbia and Bulgaria from its western frontiers to Stamboul. The moment that this through line of communication is gained and held in possession by our enemies the situation in the East is dominated by Germany, but the communication, we must remember, must be intact.

### III.

The question of the strategy with which the Allies are confronted in the Balkans cannot for obvious reasons be a subject of criticism. That there are many alternatives, each one presenting momentous difficult, is evident. To possess a correct military appreciation of the situation, all relevant factors must be known to the directing mind upon whom rests the responsibility for decision. Briefly, these factors are: (1) A clear and concise statement of the object in view; (2) the situation and strength of the hostile forces; (3) the situation and strength of your own force. Under (2) and (3) discuss the relative strengths and their distribution, armaments, moral, possible reinforcements, influence of politics, topography, mark points that can be reached by the enemy and by your own force in a given time; positions, what advantages do they offer to the enemy; lines of communication, their nature and security; supply and transport, climatic conditions. In two more paragraphs discuss (4) Courses open to the enemy, (5) Courses open to you. Under these latter headings look at the enemy point of view and your own, and decide which will probably secure the initiative. Always give the enemy credit for acting soundly, and consider what action on his part will interfere most effectively with your own and what counter-measure is advisable. It is as well to know as much as possible of the ability and physical condition of the opposing commander. Conclude by summarising pros and cons, and state the proposed line of action and the reasons that have led to your decision. It will be realised that none but a trained war staff can supply the groundwork upon which a line of strategy can be built. Needless to say, the principles of war must govern the idea of the execution of the task. In my last letter I repeated the doctrine preached by Scharnhorst nigh 120 years ago. "In war it matters not so much what is done as that what is done is done with unity and strength." The proof that both opponents, in the Eastern and Western theatres of war, have accepted this doctrine as a principle is evidenced by the stalemate position of their respective armies. Unbroken fronts in unity and strength are the evidence. The field armies are intact. There has been no Sedan.

The Balkan campaign opens with a singular picture. We see two forces on each side widely apart, the aim of each opponent being to concentrate and crush its adversary. A defeat of the Austro-Germans on the Danube would by the same blow carry defeat to the Bulgarian and the Turk. A defeat of the Serbians on the middle and upper reaches of the river Timok before the Allies can reach her with reinforcements would let loose a flood of new armies which might alter the map of Europe and Asia. Politics, which in German manage-

ment march hand in hand with war, have thus far gained the first victory in this theatre of operations. Greece and Roumania, either of which could crush the military plan of the Cabinets of the Dual Alliance, remain aloof.

It is clear that the object in view of the Allies is to concentrate their armies with that of their Ally Serbia in sufficient force to deal a knock-out blow. One factor dominates the situation—time. The Allies start with a bad handicap, as Allies always will when no co-ordinate strategy, either military or political, has been considered. In the first place they come late into the field. Railways, which control the movements of modern armies, dictate to a commander the hour when, with no breakdowns to be calculated for, the rear of his army may be expected to reach a selected point. A band of bridge wreckers will upset the finest calculations. The advent of the motor may lighten the task and accelerate matters, but the Balkan Peninsula is not favoured with the best specimens of this form of civilisation.

### IV.

We have been privileged to know that the Allies have landed at Salonika. Whether from this base the main effort is to be launched we are not told, but the difficulties that confront the Allies in their attempt to reach a hand by this route to their Ally, Serbia, in order to avert defeat are so immensely increased by the attitude of Greece that the chances of success are not promising. It is as well to understand the circumstances that have permitted of Salonika being used as a base, lying as it does in the lap of a neutral Power. In May 1914 a convention was signed between Greece and Serbia by which the latter country obtained a 50-years' lease of a portion of ground on the railhead at Port Salonika for the purpose of uncontrolled import of anything she required. It is by this route that all the war and hospital requirements have been run through Greek territory for the short distance of 60 kilometres, and thence on Serbian territory to Nish and Belgrade. It says much for the probity of the Greek Government that, owing to the Convention, the protests of Berlin against the import of munitions to Serbia have remained unheeded at Athens. From the frontiers of Greece by rail to the town of Nish is nigh 200 miles—a single line running in many places in close proximity to the Bulgarian frontier. Tunnels and bridges without number will require an army on the line of communication. The attitude of Greece has transfigured the situation. It means the demand of 100,000 men on lines of communication and for defence of a vulnerable base. Greece has it in her power to lock up any force that passes her frontier should political necessity demand such action. What splendid machinery to hand for a booby-trap! Her entry into the arena as an ally would halve the difficulties of the Entente Powers. As now presented, it is a situation that it would be unwise to undertake without a trained and war experienced army of at least 400,000 men. A bold piece of initiative that would bring 50,000 Russians from Archangel and put them face to face with Bulgarians might alter both the political and military aspect. We must have no more dribbling into a war arena of improvised armies. We have had time enough to straighten out our incongruous war methods, which find Indian soldiers perishing of cold in Flanders and Territorials of heat in Mesopotamia. When shall we begin to realise that we are making war, and that unless we succeed we go under as a nation? We still fail to conceive that we are up against a determined nation, not an army only. Peace with the German will only be dictated when behind the parchment stands the whole manhood of England, rifle in hand, with the glint on British bayonets ready for the thrust that will determine for the enemy a hesitating mind. When are we going to fuse together the cursed split that divides our councils, the one applauding the hero that is "doing his bit", the other encouraging the shirker that is "making his bit"? We even find fainthearts who pretend to be shocked at the retaliatory use in the field by men of

the foul measures which our enemy has taught us. We are sick of the voices of side-saddle sycophants who prefer to see and hear of our men being butchered to pieces or slowly suffocated by poisonous fumes rather than give up the fetish of chivalry which has been buried a year since.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### MEMORIES OF ADEN AND LAHEJ.

By COLONEL KEENE.

**S**TORIES of the fighting at Lahej lately bring to mind memories of forty years ago, when, as a young garrison gunner, I was quartered at Aden.

Aden itself is well known to many, but when I was there neither tennis nor polo had been introduced, and our sole amusements were a swim in the sea when we could get a place free from sharks, and a walk along the road, past great stacks of coal, to Cowasjee Dinshaw's shop, where we had cool drinks served to us on the verandah. There was not even a club in those days. In consequence of the lack of social distractions, many of us youngsters saw more of the surrounding country and adjacent islands than do, probably, most of the subalterns who have succeeded us. Personally, I took trips both to Perim and to Socotra during my tour of service at Aden, and paid many visits to Lahej, the scene of the recent fighting.

Lahej is the principal town of a small tribe of Arabs who live in the part of the mainland immediately adjoining the Isthmus of Aden. The chief is dignified by the title of Sultan.

It has always been our policy to leave the tribes of the Aden Hinterland very much alone, and not to interfere in any way with their customs or assume any direct control over their territories. At the same time we were dependent on the neighbouring tribes for supplies, and gave their rulers our moral support, and a trifle of money—*Quamdiu se bene gesserint*—as long as they behaved decently and did not interfere with the Arabs who wished to bring supplies of water, grass, vegetables, fruit, etc., into our settlement on the barren rocks of Aden.

At Lahej itself there used to be a sort of market garden in which vegetables were grown specially for the garrison in Aden, and it was one of the duties of the junior political officer to go out from Aden and see that the garden was being properly looked after.

This young political officer was a friend of mine, and as the ride to Lahej was dull and lonely, mostly through desert with a low scrub jungle, he often asked me to join him.

The Sultan sent ponies for us, and we would do the twenty miles from our outpost stations to Lahej in a couple of hours. The only escort we had was one of the Sultan's men on a swift riding camel, and this camel, carrying our change of clothing, as well as its rider, would keep up easily with our ponies, though they were relieved half-way and the camel was not. But the riding camel of those parts is a very light, graceful creature, and differs as much from the heavy pack camel commonly seen in India and Afghanistan as a park hack does from a shire horse.

The Arabs do not ride their camels astride as they are ridden in India, but the rider sits well forward with the crutch or pommel of the saddle close to his fork, and dangles his legs over the camel's neck, crossing his ankles so as to bring the right foot on the left of the camel's neck, and *vice versa* with the left foot. Poised thus, and riding entirely by balance, his lithe figure swaying with every movement of his camel, the Arab makes a graceful and picturesque figure, with his matchlock stuck at right angles through the saddle, its long barrel glistening in the sun.

The arrival of the political officer at Lahej would cause a certain amount of commotion, in one breast at least. For even this young representative of the British Government had to be received with a little ceremony. He was entitled, I think, to seven guns as a salute. But there was only one gun at Lahej, and

only one man who could be trusted to fire it. He was a native of India, a Madrasi, and as soon as he had got through the somewhat tedious operation of his salute, he had to bundle across to our quarters, for he was the only man in Lahej who could cook our dinner.

On the occasion of one of our visits, the Arabs were keeping the fast of Maharram, and, not being allowed to eat or drink from sunrise to sunset, they passed most of the day in sleep and made up for it by eating most of the night. They kept up their strength during this upside-down period of living by eating largely of the leaves of a shrub called *Khât*, and we were asked over to the palace to join in the *tumasha*. We found the Sultan and his courtiers seated on the roof of the palace, a simple structure of sun-dried mud. The scene was rather striking—the Arabs lolling on cushions, weird music playing, negro slaves moving quietly but busily about with coffee and passing round the *hookahs*, the starry sky for canopy, and the whole scene lighted up by torches. I remember being struck with the bearing of the slaves. I had expected to see cowed and miserable creatures, but these slaves moved about with the same ease and freedom as one would expect from any other domestic servants, and were obviously well nourished and well treated. This is generally the case in Mahomedan countries, after the slave has once been received into the household. It is in the capture of the slaves and the bringing them to market that the hideous cruelties are inflicted.

Another visit I paid to Lahej was with a large party. A picnic was arranged at Christmas time, and some thirty of us, including several ladies, went out. Lahej is situated in a small oasis, and we found a luxurious camp pitched for us in a palm grove not far from the village. The Sultan had summoned his retainers from all parts of his small domain, and we were welcomed in true Arab fashion. On our arrival at the camp a young heifer was killed and the blood sprinkled on the ground near the entrance to the camp, while wild Arabs mounted on horses and camels careered around uttering loud cries and discharging their long matchlocks at random in the air.

In the daytime most of the men went out shooting, for there were plenty of sand grouse, bustard, quail and teal. The day following our arrival the Sultan paid a visit of ceremony to the camp, heralded by roughly marshalled footmen, with the green banner of Islam at their head. We had, of course, to pay a return visit, and on this occasion the Sultan provided us with a display of horsemanship by his cavalry, the wild charges and wheelings being very similar to the displays one reads about by Moorish horsemen.

We all messed together in a large tent, and after dinner had jolly sing-songs round a wood fire. I was very young in those days, and my feelings sent me raging into wild iambics. I wrote a description of the picnic in verse which so pleased the Padre that he insisted on printing my rubbishy rhymes. My pride in this was a little chilled when I learned that my verses had been given to the prisoners in the Aden jail to print!

The Arabs I met in Aden and Lahej were cheery fellows. More than once, when riding my pony, I was challenged by tribesmen who had come into Aden on their camels to a race along the roads. It may be imagined how eagerly such a challenge was accepted by the British subaltern.

Though our patrols outside Aden have had to fall back on the fortress, there need be no fear about Aden itself. The position is an exceptionally strong one, for the only approach from land is by a sandy isthmus, very narrow, which can be swept by fire from ships and which is absolutely barred at one end by rugged rocks which even forty years ago were well prepared for defence. But I have still a feeling of liking for the Arabs, who were so hospitable to me when I was a youngster, and I sincerely hope that we shall be able to deliver the Sultan of Lahej and his little kingdom from the hands of the Turkish soldiers who seem now to hold it.



## SOME FADED OPERAS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THACKERAY, writing, I suppose, at least sixty years ago, refers to Mozart's operas as old, and very distinctly implies that they were old-fashioned and faded, and their melodies appealed to old Lord Steyne by their old-fashioned sweetness and recollections associated with them. Now, Thackeray had a fine feeling for music; the first theme of Beethoven's twelfth pianoforte sonata awoke an immediate response in him, even when sung by Tom Moore to some of his rubbishy verses, and acute and true remarks abound in all the novels. I take it, therefore, that in the 'fifties of last century Mozart was felt to be a little out of date, or, as the late Mr. Joseph Bennett cheerfully remarked in the 'nineties, "a little *passé* now"; and this should give us pause when we are finding fault with some of the operatic produce of yesterday and the day before. Mozart, the opera composer, has been through his period of eclipse, and is slowly emerging triumphant—very largely through the help of Mr. Thomas Beecham—and the unapproachable beauty of such songs as "Batti, batti" and "Dove sono" seems as new and fresh and dewy as if they had been written on the morning of the performance. Will Gounod's charm be able to endure and survive this test? In my last article I referred to the "Romeo and Juliet" which rather surprised me by its reappearance in the programme of Messrs. Beecham and Courtneidge's season; and on the day the article appeared I heard a performance, unexpectedly, at the Shaftesbury Theatre. An excellent performance it was. Mr. Hamish MacCunn is no longer the youth who astonished us by his handling of the orchestra more than twenty years since; he has developed into a fine mature artist, and we judge him by a very high standard. Judged by that standard, the standard set by Mancinelli, Mottl, Dr. Muck, and the best of the French conductors, he does not fall short, but secures renderings at once passionate and bold, delicate and tender. Gounod's opera could not be interpreted more beautifully than Mr. MacCunn did it. The interpretation was especially distinguished by a breadth generally absent from performances of Gounod's music. The singers were good—two of them, Miss M. Licette and Mr. Frederick Ranalow, supremely good. I could well have spared the lavish expenditure on scenery and dresses (for, as I frequently have insisted, it is extravagance in these matters that kills opera in this country); but, after all, "Romeo and Juliet" was meant to be a showy, spectacular work, and it would be ungracious to blame either Mr. Beecham or Mr. Courtneidge for presenting the work as it was meant to be done. The Romeo of Mr. Webster Miller was not satisfactory, and when we search for the reason why we at once come on the main weakness of the opera. Mr. Miller tried to be passionate, and only succeeded in being violent. The music has no passion in it, and any endeavour to make it passionate tears and rags it to bits.

Gounod had his distinctive genius, and that genius found its complete expression in the soft, sweet sensuality of Marguerite—which, rightly, ought to be the title of "Faust". The fiery ardour of both Romeo and Juliet, the mad impetuosity, the reckless flaming fury of their love, the fiery delight that has so violent an end—all this is a very different matter from the half-slumbrous voluptuousness of Marguerite and Faust. Gounod felt no ardour, no fire; he felt the tragedy of the lovers' fate, and was moved by it to create some lovely musical phrases; but the madness within the lovers' breasts that drove them to their doom did not in the least stir him or awake his sympathy. Such cold, colourless strains, such dead mechanical sound-patterns were never offered to the public as genuine love-music. Mr. Webster Miller cannot be blamed for trying to put passion into his interpretation: a weak Romeo would never have killed himself with such haste; and Mr. Webster Miller had to sacrifice the drama or the music. He could not do otherwise; yet, inevitably, he sacrificed both. It will always be so; and to say this is to call the opera a hopeless, impos-

sible failure. It has aged mightily since its production half a century ago; it reminds one more of the crinoline than Mozart's most antiquated melodic outlines remind us of the periwig. It is "Faust" done badly; Gounod handicapped himself fatally when he allowed himself to be persuaded to set such a subject. Faded, threadbare, its eclipse I am certain will be enduring. "Faust" will stand: it is the sincere expression of the man's true nature; but sham stuff cannot be galvanised into even a beggarly imitation of life; and, in spite of its many delicious passages, "Romeo" must be set down as sham.

The world has had fifty years to make up its mind about "Romeo", and, I should say, has made up its mind quite decisively. Apparently it thinks it has made up its mind concerning Puccini and his "Tosca", "Madame Butterfly", and "La Bohème"; but I don't think the decision is final. Crowds go to hear them to-day; but I wonder how many will go the day after to-morrow. I remember the production of "Tosca" at Covent Garden; I remember, painfully remember, the second and third representations. Frankly, the popular success of the thing not only surprises me—it puzzles and baffles me. That "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" "caught on" never surprised me; I would have been surprised if they had failed. The brutal energy, the bloodthirsty melodrama of both operas, the direct, sincere musical speech, violent and extravagant, were bound to carry everyone away. I have said many disagreeable things about both achievements; but, compared with "La Tosca", I must admit that they seem to me masterpieces. In "La Tosca" as in the "Girl of the Golden West", and in short all Puccini's operas, every trick of the Italian music-confectioner is employed with consummate artfulness; not a tawdry device, not one meretricious effect, is left out. Strength the music has none; sincerity—even the sincerity of brutal violence—is totally absent; the attempts at gaudy colouring fail with a regularity that eventually becomes monotonous; every bar is stamped "1890". Mr. Beecham cannot be blamed for including such stuff: if the public prefers to pay for it to paying to hear "The Magic Flute" and that miracle of perfect art, "Figaro", well, then, the bad music must bear the expense incurred by the good. At the same time, I do not propose to accept the popular verdict. Puccini is to me the weakest, least original and most reminiscent composer that ever wrote operas and—stupendous fact—made money out of them. "La Bohème" is perhaps the least unsatisfactory: it reminds one at least of the better parts to be found in Mascagni and Leoncavallo. The borrowings are so bold and unashamed that some really good critics have regarded it as the source and not the derivative of its two predecessors in the field. But so soon as the man begins to tamper with his originals and to make them appear his own disaster comes. All he can do is to rob his model of its life, colour, character; and the dead, inert result is an exasperation to the spirit. While I do not presume to censure Mr. Beecham, I confess to considerable curiosity as to his own private feelings when he hears what is by courtesy termed Puccini's music. Very great artists—Ternina, for instance—have done their best with it; and I, for one, have more than once felt sorry for Ternina. She strove, but strove in vain, to make us believe in the reality—the vital, spiritual reality, that is—of the part she played; the more magnificently she acted and sang the more unreal and wretched her part appeared. In fact, it will generally be found that inferior, cheap-jack artists make more of such music than the finer ones. A genuine artist subjects the music he or she sings to the severest of tests: noble music will bear noble treatment, but as in the case of Mr. Miller's reading of Romeo fine treatment shatters poor music. In spite of their comparatively recent date, Puccini's operas, in my ears, are already antiquated; nothing can be more out of date than last year's fashions. I would rather, a thousand times rather, hear "Cavalleria" than "Tosca".

A few words of thanks are due to Mr. Newman, Sir Henry Wood and the others who are responsible for

so pluckily continuing the Promenades under such unfavourable conditions. The concerts have by no means been equally good—some have been dull enough; but on the whole a fine level has been maintained. Our native composers have not shone with any special brilliance; but still, every little helps, and one is grateful for the occasional reminder that we have any composers at all. I meant to devote an article to the English compositions; but, alas! on starting to work I found I could only repeat what I have said a hundred times before.

#### IN OCTOBER.

**S**LIM creature of the dawn,  
Wood-god or Pan or Faun!  
Oft have I heard you of a woodland morning,  
Fluting your way along,  
With rustling leaf and song,  
Yet never had I seen you, only heard your wild  
note's warning.

A child with lips apart  
And dreamland in her heart,  
My footsteps kept in tune with yours that oft waylaid  
me.  
Youth's careless pleasure palled,  
My hidden comrade called,  
And O, how haunting wild and sweet the airs you  
played me!

So Spring and Summer passed,  
And Autumn comes at last,  
When, lo, from out the falling leaves my wood-god  
starting.  
You lovely thing! at last!—  
But—Spring and Summer past!—  
You come too late. My playmate, this must be our  
parting.

Then go your ways, my Faun,  
To lips and eyes of dawn,  
But none shall see what I have seen or know my  
rapture.  
For those whom you shall kiss  
The god in you shall miss:  
It lives imprisoned in my heart, my woodland capture!

BEATRICE CREGAN.

#### DR. FULLER'S GOOD GENERAL.

**T**HERE appeared not long ago in the SATURDAY REVIEW Dr. Fuller's character of a good soldier, reprinted from the Pickering and Chatto volume of "Marvellous Conceits". Let us again turn to this comely book and see what Fuller has written concerning the character of a good general. The root quality of war has changed little since Fuller observed it with Hopton and at Basing House. Hardly a word is out of place to-day, and who is there to-day who could write such words as his? In the style of Fuller we get the "God bless thee, dear old man!" of Coleridge, and that other Fuller who gave, to Coleridge again, the sense and emotions of the marvellous. He is familiar—some of his phrases are homespun; and then he suddenly opens a window upon the finest conceivable things in words that flash. He is like most of the seventeenth-century prose-writers, men who could make of wisdom which is inclined to be a sober and settled thing a gleaming adventure. There is fancy, intellect, and imagination in Fuller—and they are all so much at home that they frequently elbow for a place in the same page and paragraph.

And this is what Fuller, out of his observation of the leaders of war, has to say of the good general:

He is pious in the ordering of his own life. Some falsely conceive that religion spoileth the spirit of a

general, as bad as a rainy day doth his plume of feathers, making it droop and hang down; whereas, indeed, piety only gets true prowess.

He acknowledgeth God the generalissimo of all armies; who in all battles, though the numbers be never so unequal, reserves the casting vote for himself.

He hath gained skill in his place by long experience; not beginning to lead others before himself ever knew to follow, having never before, except in cock matches, beheld any battles. Surely they leap best in their providence forward who fetch their rise farthest backward in their experience.

He either is, or is presumed, valiant. Indeed, courage in him is necessary, though some think that a general is above valour, who may command others to be so; as if it were all one whether courage were his naturally, or by adoption, who can make the valiant deeds of others seem his own; and his reputation for personal manhood once raised will bear itself up, like a round body, some force is required to set it, but a touch will keep it agoing; indeed it is extreme indiscretion, except in extremities, for him to be prodigal of his person.

He loves and is beloved of his soldiers, whose good will he attaineth.

1. By giving them good words in his speeches unto them. When wages have sometimes accidentally fallen short, soldiers have accepted the payment in the fair language and promise of their general.

2. By partaking with his soldiers in their painful employments. When the English, at the Spanish fleet's approach in the eighty-eight, drew their ships out of Plymouth haven, the Lord Admiral Howard himself towed a cable, the least joint of whose exemplary hand drew more than twenty men besides.

3. By sharing with them in their wants. When victuals have grown scant, some generals have pinched themselves to the same fare with their soldiers, who could not complain that their mess was bad whilst their general was fellow-commoner with them.

4. By taking notice, and rewarding of their deserts; never disinheriting a worthy soldier of his birthright, of the next office due unto him; for a worthy man is wounded more deeply by his own general's neglect than by his enemies' sword: the latter may kill him, but the former deadens his courage, or, which is worse, maddens it into discontent; who had rather others should make a ladder of his dead corpse to scale a city by it, than a bridge of him whilst alive for his punies to give the go-by, and pass over him to preferment.

He is fortunate in what he undertakes. Such a one was Julius Cæsar, who in Britain, a country undiscovered, peopled by a valiant nation, began a war in autumn without apparent advantage, not having any intelligence there; being to pass over the sea into a colder climate (an enterprise, saith one, well worthy the invincible courage of Cæsar, but not of his accustomed prudence), and yet returned victorious. Indeed, God is the sole disposer of success; other gifts he also scattereth amongst men, yet so that they themselves scramble to gather them up, whereas success God gives immediately into their hands on whom he pleaseth to bestow it.

He trieth the forces of a new enemy before he encounters him. Samson is half conquered when it is known where his strength lies; and skirmishes are scouts for the discovery of the strength of an army before battle be given.

He makes his flying enemy a bridge of gold, and disarms them of their best weapon, which is necessity to fight whether they will or not. Men forced to a battle against their intention often conquer beyond their expectation: stop a flying coward, and he will turn his legs into arms, and lay about him manfully: whereas, open him a passage to escape, and he will quickly shut up his courage.

But surely a corslet is no canonical coat for me, nor suits it with my clergy profession to proceed any further in this warlike description.



## EDITH CAVELL.

NEVER to be forgotten is this deed  
Of vilest infamy; fanatic Spain  
Would scarce have done it, in her days of vain  
Glory; 'tis fouler than the foulest fee'd  
Assassination Kings have e'er decreed,  
To prop a tottering throne. What deeper stain  
Can dye a nation's honour? She was slain  
Because she pitied those in pity's need.

Brave martyr to thy faith in that fine skill  
And careful faculty of doing good  
Which fiends deride, who only love to kill,  
But which in heaven, divinely understood,  
Has jealous friends, God bring thy foes to ill,  
Confound their counsels and avenge thy blood.

FRANCIS COUTTS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE GERMAN RECORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
35, Roeland Street, Cape Town,  
20 September 1915.

SIR,—It is amusing to read in the German Press their intention to force their Kultur and language on the rest of Europe. Nothing is more calculated to stiffen the backs of their enemies than the fear of being compelled to adopt the German idea of culture, and to speak a language which it has been well said would be that of a horse if it could speak. Win or lose, the Huns' language and Kultur will be loathed for centuries to come throughout the civilised world.

There is probably no nation whose rule would be more distasteful to the rest of mankind. Even Hertzog, I believe, said he would ten times sooner live under the British flag. And one has only to speak to those natives who have experienced German lordship to see how hated they are, and no wonder, when one remembers the awful treatment by them of the Hereros out in German, or rather now, British, South-West Africa, a treatment sufficient to brand them with deeper infamy if possible than they already enjoy.

The Prussian officer, from the highest downwards, is too often a first-class specimen of what we call in England a cad, all swagger and bluster, without a trace usually of any real gentlemanly feeling, or courtliness and true culture, such as is so often found in the Anglo-Saxon race, as well as in others; and yet the German people are so hypnotised that they can actually admire the class!

Reading the Chancellor's speech, one might be pardoned for believing that the Germans were a noble, virtuous, modest, magnanimous, honest and valiant race, whereas, as all the world now knows, they are just about the very antithesis of all this. It would not be too much to say that in the eyes of nine-tenths of the civilised world their good name in almost every sphere is fatally and for ever besmirched. In their warfare on land and sea, as well as in the air above and the depths beneath, they stand out as utterly devoid of honour and gallantry. The more atrocious their crimes, the more cause they find for rejoicing in and applauding the "bravery of their gallant soldiers and sailors"! One of the most awful crimes in the history of the world, the sinking of the "Lusitania", ranking with the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, is to the Kaiser, and his equally debased subjects, a matter of thanksgiving and feasting.

The remembrance of all this should surely stir the English up to the determination that at all costs they will prosecute this war until these crimes have been expiated by their perpetrators, and they themselves so crushed as never again to be a menace to civilisation and Christianity.

But to ensure this it is not enough to use voluntarism alone. When Germany is calling out her veterans between 50 and 60, it is madness to leave millions of our men between 20 and 40 to choose whether they

will fight for the right in the greatest of all wars, or play football and cricket! The German Chancellor's lies as to Belgium remind one of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. Having resolved at all costs to ravage that country, he now tries to saddle it with the responsibility for its fate.

As for his statement that the rest of Europe is groaning under British sea supremacy, the truth is that most of the world is rejoicing that thereby the ultimate fate of our enemy is slowly but surely being sealed.

Why, by the way, are they so foolish as openly to publish their hatred of us? Don't they know that it is the weak that hate the strong, the wrongers the wronged, and the bad the good? In this as in much else they show their ignorance of human nature. The only nature they seem to understand thoroughly is the diabolical.

Yours faithfully,  
THEODORE B. BLATHWAYT.

## THE ZEPPELIN SIDE-SHOW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a certain part of the London area it was impossible to move about one's business on Thursday of last week. The streets were agape with a crowd of loiterers who had poured into the town to see what they could of the damage done by the Zeppelins overnight. They filled the tea-shops, and quick costers had brought up barrows of bananas, apples, and buns to feed them. The appearance of this crowd was in itself a warrant for clearing the streets. It would have given to a visitor from other lands the impression that London was inhabited by cretins. One has seldom seen people collectively so aimless, so foolishly yawning for crude sensation. What it was they expected to see one hardly likes to imagine. What they actually *did* see, and senselessly contemplated the day long, was mainly bits of broken glass being swept up by the scavengers.

It would seem there are thousands of people in London who would be hugely entertained with looking at the bloodstained traces of a battle. One trembles to think of what might have happened if, say, the battle of the Marne had been fought anywhere along any of the omnibus or tube routes of the town. Consider the trade in souvenirs, the gaping at the gravesides, the procession of landladies, and shop-girls with their "boys".

Last Thursday's spectacle was a case for the special constables. Few of them would have objected to being called on to cleanse the streets of the crowd and keep open a way for people who had an object in being there. This should somehow be done in future for merely practical reasons. It is not reasonable that London's business should be held up by a crowd of sightseers foolishly looking for a side-show.

Moreover, there is the question of decency. Men and women were killed on the night of the raid—a fact which should have induced some sense of respect and responsibility in the crowd, but which, clearly, had given an edge to their expectations. The whole affair was publicly humiliating to all who care at all for the reputation and good name of London. London on that Thursday morning was a slander and a shame upon the cockney name and species.

Yours truly,  
J. P.

## REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,  
October 1915.

SIR,—The brutal murder of Miss Cavell and the way in which it was consummated by a German officer ought to show even the sentimentalists, who express themselves as horror-struck at the idea that the Teuton

should be fought with weapons similar to his own, that the German people are lost to all sense of shame and all feelings of mercy. This lady, who had spent her whole life in self-sacrifice and service for the good of others, was shot and killed while lying fainting on the ground. This foul deed, which "stinks to Heaven", has left an indelible stain on Germany, which not all the rain of heaven will wash away. Moreover, the deed is applauded *throughout Germany*, as is the slaughter of our women and children.

The German of to-day is a savage, and, like all savages, regards chivalry and generosity as signs of weakness; his only gospel is brute force, and by brute force must he be met. It is indeed a flabby form of Christianity, "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought", that prompts men to urge the sparing of German civilians, when even the threats of retaliation would probably deter them from slaughtering our own, whose lives in the eyes of some people appear to be of less value than those of our enemies. It was the same as to the use of poisonous gas, which subjected our heroic soldiers to a horrible form of torture and death and our army to defeat. Yet there were those, and some in high stations, who protested against the use of similar gas by us, and who would rather that our men should thus perish than that our cruel and deadly enemies should thereby suffer. Such people make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Our glorious French Allies are fortunately not so hampered, and in three cases, after murderous raids upon us, they have punished the Germans by similar raids on Karlsruhe, Stuttgart and Trèves. I notice that these advocates for sitting still under German outrages and tending the other cheek express no sympathy with our own torn, mutilated women and little children: their pity is apparently all kept for Germans. Last Sunday I addressed a large meeting in the great Central Hall of the Wesleyans in Westminster, at which I strongly advocated reprisals in every case of a Zeppelin raid. My words went home, and were cheered to the echo, with one dissentient voice. This shows what the feeling of the people is on this subject: I am sure that our soldiers and sailors who are fighting for us and risking their lives every hour for us think the same. Where should we be if not for them? The whole German nation is guilty: nothing can exceed the ferocity of their threats as to what they will do to us when they come here. To abstain from using any means possible against such people is not Christianity but mawkish sentimentality, whether it comes from the pulpit or from the pens of prominent writers.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED E. TURNER, Major-General.

#### LORD DERBY'S SCHEME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW,  
94, Park Street, Mayfair, W.,

19 October 1915.

SIR,—Inasmuch as the public at large will not for some time be in possession of sufficient data to pass judgment on the results of the recruiting plan put forward by Lord Derby, no harm will be done by considering it from the point of view of abstract principle. Whether it will succeed or not time will show. In any case, the action of Lord Derby in taking on a somewhat thankless task is in consonance with the traditions of the loftiest patriotism, and every lover of his country must extend to him ungrudging support in carrying out the scheme.

But the point which the nation must bear in mind is that Lord Derby's scheme, admirable as it is for the attainment of the object in view, in the present state of opinion in the Government and the electorate, is an abject confession of weakness, indecision, and inability to think straight on the part of the Cabinet as a whole. It really comes back to the one thing—straight thinking. In the political atmosphere to which the ordinary member of Parliament is accustomed it is practically impossible to think straight. It must therefore be exceedingly hard for the Government at the present

juncture to divest themselves once for all of mental habits which are part and parcel of their being. And yet the situation is such that straight thinking is absolutely necessary.

The main difference between Great Britain and Germany is that the latter has the capacity of thinking straight, and therefore of knowing what has to be done at a given moment. It should be remembered that thinking, or intellectual discipline, is quite different from moral character or love of good. The moral character of Germany is not to be compared with the moral character of Britain; but the purely intellectual discipline of Germany—I am speaking merely of Germany as a State—is very much on a higher level than that prevailing here. The influential German writers, like Bernhardt, Treitschke, and others, have for years worked out the theory of the State, its existence, its duties, and its privileges, so clearly that if its moral character or love of good was equally developed with its intellectual proficiency, as discernment of means to ends, it would be an ideal State. Every profound thinker, from Plato down to modern times, has arrived at the same conclusion, that the State has absolute rights as well as absolute duties so far as the individual citizen is concerned, for the aim of the State is the good of the whole. In short, the very existence of the State depends upon its right to enact rules and regulations, to coerce the citizen, and to punish him for disobedience.

Take the simple plan, for example, of levying taxes. Suppose the paying of taxes was entirely voluntary on the part of the citizen! What would happen would be exactly what has happened under the voluntary enlistment plan. The best element of citizenship, recognising the necessity of taxation in the State, would pay up cheerfully, just as the best element of citizenship has responded willingly to the call for recruits in the present emergency. There would then be touched a lower stratum of intelligence in the citizenship which would shirk paying if it possibly could. Coaxing, cajolery, appeals to manhood and fair play are practically thrown away upon this class, and at last the Government, as a desperate expedient, calls upon Lord Derby to draw up a scheme to collect the taxes from the shirkers. What is the difference between these two cases—voluntary tax-paying and voluntary enlistment? There is none. The State has to be supported by taxation and defended by military force. In both cases the State can only resort to the individual citizen. What right has it to compel the citizen to pay taxes? What right has it to coerce and punish the individual? The answer can only be furnished by straight thinking—that the State would not exist at all if it did not possess and exercise these rights, and in addition that the citizen himself as an individual unit would not enjoy his personal liberty.

The objections to the right of the State to demand the services of the individual citizen are entirely due to want of thinking, and can only be characterised as intellectual piffle, on the one hand, and deliberate falsifying of the issues, on the other hand, through fear and self-interest. It is necessary therefore that very straight speaking should be indulged in, so as to clear the mind of that very greatest of all sins, cant and hypocrisy. The average politician is simply guided by the question of votes. So long as he thinks the electors are opposed to compulsory training, his conscience is opposed to it, and he will not take a step in the right direction. As for the electors themselves, probably the majority are in favour of compulsory training, but they have not made their voices sufficiently felt owing to complete lack of organisation.

The most hostile section of the community, so far as the right of the State over the services of the citizen is concerned, undoubtedly is the body of the trade unions. It is interesting to analyse the position. By adopting and perfecting the principle of organisation the trade unions have won a commanding position in the politics of to-day. No section of the community knows the practical value of systematic organisation as well as the trade union body, which bitterly resents any tendency on the part of the State, of which it forms a small part, to organise itself as a whole. There never was such utter cant as the trade unions protesting against the principle of compulsion in face of the glaring



fact that they are absolutely merciless in dealing with a workman who does not want to join the union. It is quite all right for a trade union to compel a workman to join against his will in order to ensure the safety of the body of the trade union; but it is quite wrong for the State to compel a citizen to join the Army in an emergency in order to ensure the safety of the State. Where is the difference? There is no difference at all in the actual nature of the two cases. Whatever claim the unions may lay down—the good of the working man, etc.—to justify the resort to compulsion in dealing with non-unionists, the State has the supreme right to the services of the citizen. Why is this right not exerted by the Government? Simply because the Cabinet cannot think straight.

Even if Lord Derby's scheme succeeded admirably—and no man in his senses wishes it failure—the principle upon which the State has acted is absolutely wrong, for it is based upon a misconception of its paramount duty, and abnegation of its paramount right. To try to evade this straight conclusion by saying that the people of this country, etc., etc., is confessing that the people of this country are incapable of thinking things out in a logical manner. To this I can only recall the self-evident truth of the Latin saying that affairs cannot be mismanaged for a long time with impunity.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

#### CONSCRIPTION OR MONEY REWARDS?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Royal Asiatic Society, London,

13 October 1915.

SIR,—With reference to my letter on the above subject which you published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 9th inst., will you allow me to say a few words? The question is how to induce the Government to act according to my suggestion. To my mind nothing would persuade Mr. Asquith more easily than the offer to Lord Kitchener of a few cheques for £500 each, for presentation to those who have already won the Victoria Cross. Surely in every county in the United Kingdom there are well-to-do men and women patriotic enough to give this sum to natives of their respective counties who have risked their lives for the cause of the Empire and have won the V.C.! Such action would convince the Cabinet more quickly than anything else that the country approves of the idea of money rewards for officially recognised valour as an incentive to voluntary recruiting. Here is a great chance for rich ladies, who, owing to their sex, cannot go to the battlefield, but who could easily show their appreciation of those of their countrymen whose valour has already obtained the highest commendation of the military authorities. These offers to the War Office might with advantage be announced in the Press. Such patriotic action would no doubt strengthen the hands of Lord Derby in the speedy enlistment of recruits.

Yours faithfully,

S. M. MITRA.

#### THE ARMENIAN MASSACRES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Of all the horrors the Kaiser William II. is responsible for, the greatest of all is the horror of the Armenian massacres. It was in the power of the Kaiser to have prevented and to have stopped those massacres. He could have done so by the holding up of his hand. This is the horror that, more than any other, cries out against him "How long, O Lord?" But I want to point out that we in England—in a way—must share in the responsibility for this. I mean in this way. In the past we have given our support to the Turkish Empire, the bloodguilty author of this most atrocious crime. We cannot escape our share of the guilt. We must face it. For myself, I have never been able to understand England's support of the unspeakable Turk. Ever since—more than fifty years ago—I read my Gibbon I have looked on the Turk with horror. No second reading has been necessary. The impression was stamped on my mind for ever. Most certainly now the eyes of many

will be opened, and their admiration of the Turk will cease; and they will wonder at and lament their infatuation.

One thing we must take care to keep in our mind; and that is, that those responsible for this crime of bloodthirsty atrocity must be brought to justice.

I am, yours faithfully,

(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

#### SOCIALISTS AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I ask you to allow your readers to peruse the following paragraph from a certain patriotic manifesto?

"Fellow citizens! The Government's silence is ambiguous, mischievous and dangerous. Let them speak out. Let them permit Lord Kitchener to speak. Let us know where we are and what we have to do. The British people will answer the call. Britain half-armed and using half her strength cannot conquer Germany, which has mobilised the entire nation for the struggle. National service is not only a duty but a right."

The whole manifesto may be found in the "Times" of 6 October. It must appeal to everyone who is worthy of being a British citizen. Please give the Socialists credit when you find a debt due to them that you cannot yet find in your heart to pay.

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

[The Socialists of this country—the great bulk of them, rank and file and leaders, and newspapers—are utterly opposed to National Service, as our correspondent must surely know.—Ed. "S.R."]

#### COTTON AS CONTRABAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

76-78, York Street, Westminster,

London, S.W.,

19 October 1915.

SIR,—You were kind enough to put in a letter by me some weeks ago which clearly puzzled you a little. You didn't know whether I was angry or humorous. May I say that I can be both angry and humorous at the same moment? You have a quaint paragraph in your issue of the 16th in which you say, "We may note with a chastened satisfaction that the fact of Germany's demanding *manufactured* cotton for explosives would appear to point to a shortage of the raw article". Well, my dear sir, I do not expect any intelligent anticipation on your part, but to let you into a State secret I may say that this was known to all other persons about 15 months back. I do not know whether you will regard this as humorous, or angry, or either, or both, but it may help you to write better stuff if you will only observe its grammar and construction.

Yours faithfully,

BERTRAM BLOUNT.

[Mr. Blount's letter does not strike us as "humorous" or as "angry"; rather, it strikes us as a foolish letter. We refer elsewhere to the subject of contraband.—Ed. "S.R."]

#### WAR AND SACRIFICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 October 1915.

SIR,—To speak of sacrifice at the present time seems like walking into Rheims Cathedral. It is treading on holy ground. Yet we need to keep the idea of sacrifice always before us. There are many who have given all, and many who as yet have given nothing, and both need reminding of the glory of sacrifice.

I think we make a mistake in not using the word sacrifice more than we do. There are times when great and noble words ought to be used, just as there are times to leave them unspoken. Sacrifice is one of the very great words of our language. It has suffered like many other words. It has been vulgarised, debased, but it has now come to its own. Every sacrifice we read of to-day partakes of the very nature of the Great Sacrifice.

It is more than probable that victory will come to the nations that are able and willing to sacrifice most. For the war is becoming a question of the spiritual power of a nation to endure suffering, and the power to endure is a measure of the reason which alone makes any sacrifice possible. The question for us all to-day is, "Is the sanction and end of this war so supreme that at any cost the struggle is more than worth while?" Ought every man in England to say of himself, as has just been finely said of a distinguished General, "Simply and without affectation, he regarded his life as dedicated to a great cause and well lost in losing it"? This is indeed a lofty height, but the future of England, and of all that England stands for, depends upon our reaching it.

The Church cuts right through the tissue of sophistries which cloud men's minds as to the rightfulness of war. Her place is beside those who fall. Whether it be an English chaplain celebrating the Holy Rites before action in the darkness of some ruined barn, or a young French priest in the trenches saying to his comrade, "It is getting hot, shall I give you absolution?", the thought is of others. The ideal is duty.

The Bible has much to teach us about war and sacrifice, and the clue that runs through it seems to be the extreme and awful value of Good. That at any cost or sacrifice to the whole world evil must not be permitted to overcome Good. This is the lesson of that old mysterious story of the Deluge. It alone can explain Calvary, and it underlies all that lies between. We see everywhere man rising through suffering and sacrifice to higher things. In its pages there are scenes of war of almost sublime beauty. The story of David and the water from the well of Bethlehem. His noble lament over Saul and Jonathan. Years later the scornful, spirited answer of the Virgin Daughter of Jerusalem to Sennacherib breathes a spirit of supreme unshaken faith in the Most High, and of human endurance in the face of awful odds very near akin to the spirit of Belgium, France and Poland to-day.

The Jews were passionate lovers of peace, but not of peace at any price. It was peace the gift of God, and not a boon from their enemies, which they sought. It is characteristic that one of the most beautiful descriptions of peace follows the opening prelude—"Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight". When peace comes it is—"That our sons may grow up as the young plants, and our daughters as the polished corners of the Temple. That our garners may be full and plenteous with all manner of store. Our oxen strong to labour. No invasion any more; no leading into captivity; and no complaining in our streets".

In Christ's attitude to war we may hope to find its final sanction or condemnation. At first sight His attitude towards war seems hard to find. We glean little from the fragments of His sayings that are left us. Such sayings as "Blessed are the peacemakers", "Resist not evil", "If a man strike thee on the right cheek", seem rather to refer to the personal dealings of men.

We approach nearer in His own attitude to the Scribes and Pharisees. His challenge in cleansing the Temple. There were occasions when He showed a stern severity. His personality was such that no man ever took liberties with Him. He uses the metaphor of a king going to war with neither praise nor reprobation. He foretells the destruction of Jerusalem in words which seem to imply that every such catastrophe is a Coming of the Son of Man in Judgment.

But we have recently been pointed to the allegory of the Good Shepherd as revealing the mind of Christ. "The Good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep." He fights for them and if necessary dies for them. In this he is contrasted with the hireling shepherd who "beholdeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth".

No one who has ever entered in the slightest degree into the spirit of Christ can imagine for a moment that He looks on these scenes to-day unmoved. His own words tell us otherwise—"And God, will He not avenge His own people, who cry to Him day and night, though He hold His hand. I tell you He will avenge them speedily".

No study of war and sacrifice, however brief, can be complete without mention of St. Paul. In his frail body he

carried the true soldier spirit. His sympathy with soldiers is very real. He shares their contempt of hardship, danger, and death in comparison with his life's work. His reference to life's warfare is more than mere metaphor. The Christian is a soldier on campaign and must learn to "endure hardness". He dwelt with evident sympathy on every weapon in the soldier's armoury. Then there are his splendid appeals! "Quit you like men, be strong." "Put on the whole armour of God." "That you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Indeed St. Paul plainly tells us that behind life's battlefields another warfare is being waged, more intense and deadlier far, on a wider stage by spiritual forces, for issues so vast that we can only dimly guess them. When his life here is over he lays it down with the words, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith".

The little country of the Jews may be compared to Flanders of the modern world. On that stage many battles were fought which have decided the destiny of the world. The old writers were more daring than we are in their descriptions, but the lesson they enforced was the true one. Whether it be the battle of Gibeon, or Marathon, or Poitiers, or the Marne, God consecrates the human faith, endurance, and heroism of one man, or of a great army, to serve His purpose; to teach us, perhaps, that all things, from the greatest to the least, come to us through sacrifice, and are the gift of another; that in a far wider sense than we realise the greatest is the servant of all. And, if "the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many", then the higher we rise in the scale of life the greater the call to serve; from the lowest rung of all, "What more can I get?" to the highest that man can reach, "What more can I give?"

Yours faithfully,

H. J. MARSHALL.

#### "THE BRAZEN TRUMPET."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 October 1915.

SIR,—When Coleridge talked of losing the capacity for action in the energy of resolve he was consciously or unconsciously in the region of Shakespeare's

"What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose."

While reading your most interesting article I felt you would inevitably introduce this quotation before you finished.

Yours truly,  
W. T.

#### ROYAL SCHOOL FOR NAVAL AND MARINE OFFICERS' DAUGHTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Admiralty House, Portsmouth,

21 October 1915.

SIR,—As President of the above institution I venture to ask the courtesy of your columns to plead its cause. Founded in 1840 by naval officers, with the object of providing a sound education for the daughters of the more necessitous of their brother officers, and first established at Richmond Green, the school removed to St. Margaret's, Twickenham, in September 1857. Since its foundation 1,725 children have passed through, and the subsequent successful careers of many of the pupils have been largely due to the excellent education afforded. The house now provides accommodation for 82 children and is full.

Up to the present time the school has managed to pay its way by devoting some of its accommodation to a limited number of pupils paying more remunerative fees. It is, however, certain that, as a consequence of the war, in which over four hundred commissioned officers have already lost their lives, there will be so many more children possessing claims that an effort should be made to free the institution from its present necessity. The death of the father very often means the loss of almost the entire family income, since the widow's pension and any compassionate allowance to



children bear so small a proportion to the father's pay. To effect this freedom would require an additional annual income of £600, or capital to produce that income.

Further, there has been felt for some time the need of a considerable outlay for improvements to bring the buildings into line with modern requirements, more especially on account of the up-to-date equipment of the Secondary Schools. To obtain these funds the Committee of Management have decided that an appeal should be made to the public for a sum of £20,000.

Donations will be gratefully received by G. Holt Stilwell, Esq., Treasurer, Royal Naval School, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.—Your obedient servant,

HEDWORTH MEUX,

Admiral of the Fleet.

#### MR. HALL CAINE'S RECORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burma,

5 September 1915.

SIR,—The Latin grammar says: "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit". On 3 August 1914 Mr. Hall Caine wrote as follows in the "Daily News and Leader": "All England owes you a deep debt of gratitude for to-day's article (advising British neutrality), so splendidly clear, so splendidly true, so absolutely unanswerable". On 3 August 1915 the same distinguished person wrote as follows in the "Daily Telegraph": "What was the motive power that impelled the young manhood of Great Britain to this tremendous sacrifice? The thought of our country's danger? The danger to France? The danger to Belgium? The fact that a man named Palmerston had pledged his solemn word for them long years before they were born, or even the mothers who bore them were born, that they would go to their deaths rather than allow a great crime to be committed or England's oath be broken? I don't know. I do not believe anybody knows. But I am not ashamed of my tears when I remember it all, and sure I am that in those first critical days of the war the invisible powers of justice must have been fighting on our side".

No doubt when he penned the above it was during one of his "bad hours"; another "bad hour" was the publication of the "White Prophet", which did more to "crab" the British soldier and the British administration of Egypt than all the efforts of Egyptian seditionists put together. Has Mr. Hall Caine ever publicly disavowed these inconsistencies?

Yours, etc.,

F. R. L.

[Our correspondent's query is very much to the point.—ED. "S.R."]

#### LUNATICS AT LARGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Can you, or one of your scientific readers, explain the magnetism that draws so many motoring lunatics to two dangerous spots within a mile of my house. There are frequent minor disasters at the point where Atlantic Road, Brixton, intersects Coldharbour Lane, and I witnessed a serious one there when a car endeavoured to enter the Atlantic public-house by a window. No attempt is made to regulate the traffic, and motors going in both directions make it a point of honour to put on full speed. The other danger zone is outside the L.C.C. elementary school in South Lambeth Road. At mid-day tots of five run out in shoals and many want to cross the road. Their desire does not influence the despatch-riders, steam and petrol lorries and vans, buses and taxis, all of which rush past at from twelve to forty miles an hour. Some day there will be a holocaust of little victims and the police will do something. The teachers cannot be held responsible: it is not their business to see that the streets are reasonably safe for children.

Yours faithfully,

J. F. R.

## REVIEWS.

### THE INTERNATIONAL OUTLAW.

"International Law and the Great War." By Coleman Phillipson. Introduction by Sir John Macdonell. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

**B**ELIEF in the future of international law as a controlling force in war makes heavy drafts on faith in view of the German record. Now more than ever the sceptic may justify himself in refusing to refer to international law otherwise than as "international law so-called", though by so doing he may irritate the international pundits. The gratifying spectacle of Sir Samuel Evans busy in his Prize Court is the main support against incredulity; yet Sir Samuel seems to be clinging to the last spar in the wreck. If certain of our writers on international law had had their way before the war he would either be sitting there very rarely, or his judgments would in the last stage be subject to review by a foreign tribunal sitting outside the Kingdom. German merchant shipping would have been free from capture, and Germany would not only have maintained her trade with neutrals, but her merchant service would have been available as an additional instrument for the base intrigues and conspiracies of her Government and its embassies. In the course of fighting Germany we have learned that we might have had too much international law; and we may be thankful that we were saved from the theories of some international lawyers when the Declaration of London and the Naval Prize Bill were being discussed in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Without entering into the vexed question of the validity in international law of the Declaration of Paris, which frees enemy goods in neutral vessels, we may at least note that there is a section of competent opinion which holds that the Declaration is not binding. Dr. Phillipson, however, is on the orthodox side.

But whatever the international code of war may be, a code of morality or a code properly to be called law, as international jurists maintain, it has been for the most part expressed positively in conventions and agreements to which the nations have put their hands and seals, Germany amongst them; and in almost every point the Germans have deliberately violated them. It is this unquestionable fact that has suggested to Dr. Phillipson the ingenious plan of expounding the implied principles and expressed rules of war by using the German breaches of them as illustrations. The breaches are pretty nearly co-extensive with the code. They include the invasion of Belgium and Luxemburg, in violation of their neutrality; refusal to acknowledge certain legitimately enrolled combatants; the system of terrorism, the bombardment on land, naval and aerial, of undefended places; the indiscriminate destruction and devastation of towns and villages; deliberate attacks on protected buildings, such as cathedrals and other churches, museums, libraries, hospitals, private buildings; unrestrained outrages on the civil population, including women and children; the forcing of civilians to give information, to act as screens against the attacks of their own soldiers, and to perform various prohibited services; the use of dum-dum and explosive bullets, of asphyxiating gases, the poisoning of wells, the hurling of blazing petrol; the disregard of the white flag; the abuse of the Red Cross; illegitimate ruses of war; the lawless application of the principle of "war treason"; exorbitant requisitions and contributions, seizure of private property, and pillage; the arrest and ill-treatment of hostages; the imposition of collective penalties; the excessive severity and unprecedented arrogance of the commanders and armies during the occupation of their adversaries' territories; the shooting of prisoners of war and wounded; the attack on a hospital ship; the attack on merchantmen without providing for the security of those on board; the destruction of fishing vessels; the indiscriminate laying of mines on the high sea; the unwarranted extension of the maritime area of war, implying illegal interference with neutral shipping; "and other con-

traventions of international law", Dr. Phillipson adds, tired of enumerating them in detail.

There is no doubt about the facts; no mere dispute about particular cases with acknowledgment of principles and rules, but simply defiance and purposed contravention. In Belgium the cruelties were brute acts of rage and revenge for resistance; the breaches of neutrality and the other perversions of legitimate war merely the assertion of a self-adjudged "military necessity" backed by a theory of the State as an organised power independent of moral considerations and only acknowledging the expediency of actions.

In the absence of an outside restraining power an unmoral State, as Germany declares herself to be, will obviously make hay of the whole international system, whether it be called morality or law. The "world conqueror" is bound to do it. In other ordinary wars there has been at least some comparatively efficient restraint imposed by the neutral nations; but there has been none in this. The only possible hope for the future of international law is, by pulling down the world-conqueror, to restore things to the normal. As far as human foresight goes at present, this is the limit of what can be done by way of international organisation to stop the insensate ambition of any world-conqueror who rides roughshod over the international code as he goes. Dr. Phillipson indulges the dream, as others are doing, that something more definite than this may arise after and in consequence of the war, the nations having been thoroughly shocked out of their selfishness and suspicions into higher wisdom and morality. It is, also, an entirely idle dream.

He imagines a world claiming the right to consider whether an alleged grievance is a justifiable and sufficient cause for making war; the right to intervene and stop hostilities; and he pictures an international court with "some adequate force behind it to command in practice the confidence of civilised mankind". But Dr. Macdonell, with a keener sense of reality in this matter, sprinkles cold water on this enthusiasm, and proposes "organised neutrality", meaning no more than that every neutral State shall claim the right to express, if practicable, in concert with others, the condemnation of conduct abhorrent and detrimental to all; the world never again seeing foul deeds done without protests from Governments looking on. Virtually they have this right already if they choose to assert it. Dr. Phillipson's able book contains no more satisfactory proposition than the following: that a neutral State having signed a convention, impliedly, if not expressly, undertakes to protect it, and do everything possible to secure its observance by other States, especially so at a time when there is a temptation to set it aside. Neutrality does not mean standing aside and contemplating with apparent indifference wanton contraventions of that law which the neutral has helped to establish. Thus it is not the right of neutrals that is in question, but whether they dare, or their self-interests allow them, to assert it.

#### GREAT DAYS.

"The Field of Honour." By H. Fielding-Hall. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

THERE are four short stories and two sets of verses in Mr. Fielding-Hall's new book. The author's prose is admirable, his poetry well above ordinary standards, and what he has written here may be taken as a valuable addition to the literature of the war; for war, in some phase or other, is in all these pages. Not in the trenches, not among shells and bayonets, has he sought his scenes; the time has not come for that. Often we wonder whether it would not be better for our writers of fiction to avoid these scenes altogether. More than once we have come upon a novel respectably written until its last ten chapters have held a mirror of distortion to tragedy. Many who could tell good tales of the Crusades or the days of Napoleon fail utterly when treating of to-day. The thing closest their hearts is farthest from their under-

standings. It needs a rare book, such as Mr. Fielding-Hall has written, to convince us that literature has, after all, its present part to play. The reason is that his stories are concerned with what every man and woman among us has already been able to touch or to see. Their subjects are less the sacrifices made on the smoking altars of battle than those perhaps still harder ones made at home. There is no stretching of the imagination required here; it is all simple and common, but very worthy to be put on eternal record.

In "The Field of Honour" the stories swing our memories back to the first months of the war, and this, we take it, is another point in the book's favour. The period is one which we can now see quite distinctly, and it is still easy to recall its emotions. We thank Mr. Fielding-Hall for having set them forth in the stable form of print, for presently, it may be, they will grow vague, and it will be impossible to give a true account of the life of the mind in that first autumn of hostilities. In time to come many bitter books may be written which will contain the thoughts of those who can only espy what is now the immediate past across a vista of fears, agonies, doubts, disillusionments, losses, hopes deferred. However complete the final victory may be, that must be the retrospect for more men and women than one cares to count. In the literature of to-morrow one must be prepared even to meet satire, for the past teaches that the satirist follows war even as does the vulture. Mr. Fielding-Hall has, then, done well to chronicle certain impressions which might else have had no permanence. Some, perhaps, will object that there is too much of the picturesque element in these tales, and, for the feelings of the present month, there undoubtedly is in them a suspicion of the romantic. In justice to the author, however, let us try to remember a day before the excitement of arms had given place to sheer doggedness, when there positively was joy of battle in the air before soldiers had come home to say that nothing in the world was as tedious as a modern campaign.

One had false thoughts in those days on many subjects; but who will say there was no splendour in them? Of course, it was absurd for Colonel Bradford, in the first of these tales, to don his red uniform and to ask the War Office to put him back with his old regiment. In another few months he would have realised it himself. He was not the right age and he had a heart which could not even stand a journey to London. Dull facts of that kind would have come to his mind in a little while, and the brave veteran would have found that they, more than personal inclination, decide whether a man goes to the front or stays at home. Then there is Hannah, in the last story, who gave all her savings to a sister whose son had enlisted, because she felt the reproach that one had given everything whilst the other had nothing to give. Of course, that was in the days before the gospel of thrift had been preached, before anybody had heard of silver bullets and five shilling vouchers; before, even, the cost of living had risen far. Her fine impulse might be called folly to-day, but it was none the less fine. The people of these tales may not have always known what they were doing; it may be said they lacked foresight. Wiser things and things equally splendid are done now, but that brief period of which Mr. Fielding-Hall writes had a glamour of its own.

#### FANCIES FOR CHILDREN.

"The Extra Day." By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan. 6s.

THE children who figure in "The Extra Day" are stern critics of a story. There was Colonel Stumper, who told them a story about a tiger. They were very kind to him about it; but could not disguise from him their opinion that his story was a complete failure. "He was a dear old thing whatever hap-



pened"; but he could not tell a story. He had neither fancy nor imagination. He talked about a dark jungle, and then went on to talk of seeing the bananas fall. He was not even a respectable realist, even though, like most realists of to-day, he took himself for a hero.

The father of these young critics, who was in a Government office, was better than Colonel Stumper. He at least had fancy, though he had not imagination. He could invent curious tales about creatures who lived long ago. But it was pure invention; and instead of getting interested and lost in his subject he told his stories listening carefully for the steps of the nurse, who was due at a fixed hour to take his audience to bed, and so save his overtaxed invention from breaking down. The children always expected a thrill, which never came; and they were inclined to blame the nurse till Uncle Felix arrived.

Then Uncle Felix arrived, and he, at last, had imagination. They realised at once that their father, so far as stories went, was quite inferior. Uncle Felix did not invent things, and take his hearers away from everyday. On the contrary he made everyday his theme, and filled their ordinary lives with wonder. Fancy, as Keats knew, is an errant thing; whereas imagination stays at home and lingers about the house with the night-wind, gives to the London Road a mysterious thrust at the end of the world, whispers secrets of the dragon-fly; and when a common tramp arrives in the garden fills the air with an expectation that the greatest moment in life will be the next. Uncle Felix brought imagination to the children of the Mill House, and they began to make a miracle of life itself.

We wonder what Mr. Blackwood's children, whom he so exactly understands, would say to many pages of "The Extra Day". Was it the sort of book Uncle Felix would have written? We think they would have recognised the hand of Uncle Felix here and there; but that they would have classed it on the whole with their father's stories. There is in "The Extra Day" more fancy than imagination; and we are often left, like the children before the arrival of their nurse, expecting a climax which never really comes. We feel, too, rather like the children in the nature of our disappointment. We are sure that if Mr. Blackwood tried hard or had the time he could satisfy us completely, and that in any case his fancies, very prettily presented, are better than the pseudo-realism of Colonel Stumper. Moreover, there are qualities common to all Mr. Blackwood's work which, even in his less successful tales, console the reader for not finding him at the top of his form. There is always his right attitude towards children, an attitude which comes only of love and understanding; and there is always his ability to give to inanimate things a mysterious sentence of their own. He can give to the landscape or to a room, to trees or houses, a personality as alive and communicable as that of his human beings. In many of his pages it is the lifeless things which live most. We shall remember, for example, the Mill House of "The Extra Day" when we have forgotten Uncle Felix and Colonel Stumper. The trees on the lawn regarded it "as an elderly animal asleep, for its chimneys looked like horns, it possessed a capacious mouth that both swallowed and disgorged, and its eyes were as numerous as those of the forest to which they themselves properly belonged". At night its eyes shone yellow in the mist, or slept with closed lids. And outside it the trees led "an interior life of dim magnificence behind their warm, thick bark".

But these, after all, are only fancies, and the imaginative sweep of a book like Mr. Blackwood's "Human Chord" is here lacking to pull his pages together. Fancies are jewels, which may be threaded by poets upon the stuff of their poetry—stuff which is of imagination all compact. By themselves they are the merest playthings, to amuse and distract children of every age. Perhaps that is as much as

we can desire of any writer at this time, and more than we are able to command from most of Mr. Blackwood's contemporaries.

#### THE POET'S FUNCTION.

"Songs." By Edward Shanks. The Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.

THE Poet is by consent arch-priest of Nature, the setter-forth of her "speaking picture"; the interpreter also of her voices. His inspired Idea or "fore-conceite" of her being lights up life with that which we style glamour, but which he knows for truth itself. Nor may he selfishly enjoy. The deeper his insight the more urgent his task to present the service of that light that makes yet fairer each lovely thing. The firmament in its glory, the earth in her changeable beauty, the noble passions of the heart, each and all excite his quickened apprehension that he may quicken their service to other minds. For the poet's office is first to stir up aspiration—to show wisdom and valour and justice in such guise as should move and draw out in fruit of action the inert nobilities of the mind. Love of God he excites and of country, filial piety, and chivalrous-strong pity for the weak and them that suffer wrong. "Now therein," says Sir Philip Sidney in his delightful "Apologie", "is our Poet the Monarch. For he dooth not only show the way, but giveth so sweete a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lye through a fayre vineyard at the first give you a cluster of Grapes that full of that taste you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions . . . hee commeth to you with words set in delightful proportion . . . and with a tale forsooth he commeth unto you: with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. And pretending no more doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue". All themes are for every singer, yet each poet holds, it appears, his special message in charge. For, looking out upon universal Nature from the window of himself, he should best minister forth that one of her several aspects that is sympathetic with himself. Proclivity is not forced. The Poet delivers his own soul. Above all, he preserves integrity. Then the gift expands. Nothing is any more apart from his message. All objects, all thoughts, all songs are tinctured by it, become impregnated with it.

The singers of purely "outdoor" beauty are somewhat rare. The "school" of Scott has been sparsely attended! Yet therein Nature herself is clearly mirrored. The master whose wind-fresh, moor-sweet poetry is untouched by any personal vanity, whose attitude to Mistress Nature is "entirely humble and unselfish", whose greatest of ways is to "paint her in her simple and universal truth", has indeed too small a following. Therefore it is with the greater pleasure we hail in Mr. Shanks a lover of the open air, and one who prays to be "free from too much thought of myself and of introspection".

"God of song! and ye Muses who gave your friendship to Homer,

Teaching him how to sing splendid and valiant life;

Look for awhile, I beseech you, now on our pitiful poets,

Singing or whimpering still only their pitiful souls.

Souls are mirrors of life, but these, they breathe on the mirror;

Thus they can only see shadowy figures therein."

The world is growing tired of introspection and confessions, and of the exploration of complexities of temperament. It has need to-day of the philosophies of sanity. These Mr. Shanks effectually advances in several poems that treat, not of unquiet humanity, but of dewy pastures, distant roads, song of birds, and touch of all "the intimate common things" that make of earth a secret, splendid common paradise.

Upon points of taste and of rhyme this poet may well become his own critic. Only let him refrain from triflings with folk-song, for never yet, save perhaps with "Jock o' Hazeldean", has any traffic with its ancient mood, ancient manner, ancient music achieved the least measure of verisemblance and success.

#### A FRIENDLY PHYSICIAN.

"Views on Some Social Subjects." By Sir Dyce Duckworth. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Dyce Duckworth, physician and social reformer, is one of those rare students of life who keep always around them a mild atmosphere in which truth can live unfettered by zeal and uncraped by gloom. He regards our type of society as a patient, and tells it to shun with equal care the zealot's patent medicines and the croaker's advertisements of funeral wreaths and cheap tombstones. Imagine Addison as a present-day physician, weighted with scientific knowledge, and you have at once a spiritual portrait of Sir Dyce Duckworth, who likes to write "in happy holiday retirements" about the wisdom he has gathered in a very active professional life.

In this book he treats of twenty excellent topics, giving good advice to young men in the tropics, studying the modern attitude of the sick towards their medical men, meditating over Christian science and faith-healing, studying the place and the prospects of women, passing in close review many aspects of medicine and of nursing, offering suggestions to young naval officers, examining the human body, its work and its recreations, and passing from the dramas in dust to those in excessive drinking. Every paper has the same charm. We consult a wise specialist and he tells us with a genial tolerance and dignity all that he believes to be true and useful. His attitude to drink will anger zealots, for Sir Dyce regards alcohol in good beverages as a helpful servant—and a very bad master. He has no faith in total abstinence, except for those who are constitutionally unable to be temperate. Teetotalism is not virtue; it is a cure for intemperance—a hospital, not a home. Those who try to bully the temperate into abstinence weary society with their fanaticism, and do far more harm than good. "Have we not the consensus of the majority of the best and most level-headed men in all times, who have done the best work in the world in the best possible way, in support of a truly temperate use of alcohol?" Besides, "the most enlightened and progressive nations of the world are those in whose dietary some form of alcohol is included, and I am amongst those who conceive some relation to exist between a nation's diet and its capacity for mental and bodily attainments. The Hebrew race, for example, has always taken alcohol, and is one of the healthiest still existing in all parts of the world. The Japanese consume one-third as much alcohol per head as is taken in England in the form of beer."

In what does moderation in the use of drink consist? "Physiologists have agreed to limit the daily consumption by the adult to such an amount of alcoholised liquor as may contain not more than four or five tablespoonfuls of ordinary spirit (e.g., brandy or whisky). Physicians will declare without any hesitation that even this amount would in many instances be an immoderate allowance for any adult, although within the physiological limit." So there is no routine in this matter: self-control must be exercised by each of us within the limits of the maximum dose.

The essay on "Dust" is very various in its appeal. If it were obeyed by the average householder not a few industries would stagnate, and homes would be vastly fresher and cleaner. Fully-carpeted rooms would go out of vogue, furniture would be used sparingly, fewer pictures would be collected at random, and domestic servants would be more cheerful. Sir Dyce speaks also of dusty fashions in dress, and of the harm done by dust in many trades and during the house-breaker's work in towns.

#### LATEST BOOKS.

"Some Aspects of the War." By S. Pérez Triana. Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

Señor Pérez Triana, formerly of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, has made one serious mistake in this book. In an appeal to the British public he had no right whatever to make an attack on Russia, to whom France and the British Empire owe the gratitude of faithful allies. Señor Pérez Triana asks his English readers to rage against Russia while accepting her devoted loyalty. He writes as follows:—

"The cause of God for the Tsar signifies the possession of Siberia, the tetrical living tomb of all those who dare to dream of liberty; it means the *mujik*, prolific and kept in ignorance and blind fanaticism so as to be a useful instrument of extermination; it means an autocracy, deaf and frigid as the winter in the steppes; it means the knout, the *pogrom*; it means the greased rope with the clusters of human beings, hanging from the

collective gallows, at the breath of dawn in the frightened cities or in the open fields surrounding them . . . ; it means the fulfilment of the traditional ambition of the Romanoffs, unbending as a dagger, instead of the law of justice; it means the hand that strangles the ideal in the consciences of men and throttles the song in their throats. That, and much more than that, is what the cause of God means for the white Tsar, the unappealable lord and master of all the Russias past, present and future."

That a sometime official of the Hague Court of Arbitration should write with so fierce an ignorance is strange—more especially as in other parts of the book there are views worth reading, particularly by those who like to study the drama of a temperament; more especially, too, as Señor Triana is one of the most deeply informed men on some subjects and a personality whose force and charm has been felt and recognised by all his friends.

"Progressive Portugal." By Ethel C. Hargrove. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

It is rather difficult to see what precise purpose is served by this book on Portugal. As a guide for the casual traveller it contains a good deal of matter which does not seem likely to be of much use to the tourist, whilst for those who are really anxious to study the country, its art, history, and social conditions, the information is decidedly thin. The chapter on authors and their works, for instance, attempts in about a dozen pages to take us from the twelfth century to our own time, and we are never quite sure whether the writer's critical observations are original or borrowed. When she tells us that one novelist is "much appreciated" we are reminded only of those hotels which Baedeker in cautious fashion describes as "well spoken of". It is, however, made plain that Miss Hargrove enjoyed her own stay in Portugal and is anxious for others to follow in her footsteps. From her pages we contrive to gather the impression of an interesting and picturesque country where certain vulgarising forces will soon be at work. The adjective "progressive" used in the title is, we fear, not wholly unconnected with hotels and picture postcards.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Ami, H. M., North America. Vol. I. Stanford. 15s. net.  
 Arkwright, F., Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Paul. Vols. III and IV. 10s. 6d. net each.  
 Berridge, W. S., The Wonders of Animal Life. Simpkin. 6s. net.  
 Bithell, J., Contemporary Belgian Literature. Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Bourne, H. J., The Revolutionary Period in Europe. Bell. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Cress, J. H. E., Didascalus Patiens. Smith, Elder. 6s. net.  
 Cureau, A. L., Savage Man in Central Africa. Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.  
 Frazer, R. W., Indian Thought: Past and Present. Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Greenwood, G. G., Is there a Shakespeare Problem? Lane. 16s. net.  
 Hirst, W. A., A Guide to South America. Methuen. 6s. net.  
 Keith, A., The Antiquity of Man. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.  
 "Pat," My Little Farm. Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Page, A., War and Alien Enemies. Stevens. 6s. 6d. net.  
 Pepperman, W. L., Who Built the Panama Canal. Dent. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Plowman, G. T., Etching. Lane. 6s. net.  
 Radford, George, The State as Farmer. Smith, Elder. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Reade, A., Finland and the Finns. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Ryan, N., My Years at the Austrian Court. Lane. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Shackleton, R. and E., Four on a Tour. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Shawcross, J. P., The Daily Biographer. Skeffington. 5s. net.  
 Sibree, G. F. S., Prehistoric Man and His Story. Seeley. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Thomas, E., The Life of the Duke of Marlborough. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Tuckwell, J. H., Religion and Reality. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Wedgwood, J., The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter. Macmillan. 12s. net.

## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

1849.  
 THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE.  
 Funds, £32,000,000. Annual Income, £4,000,000.

MODERATE PREMIUMS.  
 LIBERAL CONDITIONS.  
 WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

Every Year a Bonus Year.  
 Whole-Life Policies 20 years in force show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.  
 Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

37 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.



# ALLIANCE

**ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.**

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

**ASSETS EXCEED £24,000,000.**

Chairman:

**The Hon. N. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD.**

The Operations of the Company embrace all branches of Insurance.

Full information respecting  
**ESTATE DUTY**  
and  
**CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL**  
**POLICIES**

issued by the Company may be  
obtained on written or personal  
application to the Office at the  
above address.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages. ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.

**FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.**

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.  
Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq. Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.  
Rt. Hon. H. E. DUKE, P.C., K.C., M.P. C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.  
Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER. ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.  
D.Sc.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount  
insured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment  
at death thereafter.  
Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and  
on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

**Life Assurance at Minimum Rates**  
**A PLAN of ASSURANCE**  
**SPECIALLY ADAPTED**  
**FOR PRESENT TIMES**

For particulars address the

**GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE**  
**SOCIETY, LIMITED,**  
**ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, E.C.**  
Founded 1848. Funds £10,500,000.

**The GRESHAM FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE**  
**SOCIETY, LIMITED,**  
Transacts all classes of Fire and Accident Business.  
Chief Office: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

## PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),  
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

**INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £90,000,000**  
**CLAIMS PAID - - - - £118,000,000**

**FIRE RISK.**—THE LEADING INSURANCE COMPANIES ACCEPT  
OUR VALUATIONS OF WORKS OF ART, FURNITURE, AND OTHER  
VALUABLES AS THE BASIS OF POLICIES, THUS SECURING PRO-  
TECTION TO OWNERS. INVENTORIES ARE PREPARED IN ALL  
PARTS OF THE KINGDOM. FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO  
**KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY**  
AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,  
20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

### NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year ...	1 8 2	1 10 4
Half Year ...	0 14 1	0 15 2
Quarter Year ...	0 7 1	0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable  
to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street,  
Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE

# PALL MALL

GAZETTE

*Readable and Reliable*

Latest War News

Special Articles on  
Current Topics

Smartest Fashion  
Sketches

Best Book Reviews

## REPEAL OF THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE leaders of the Church having patriotically submitted to forego,  
in the interests of national unity, the measure of relief which the  
late Liberal Government themselves proposed as just, the last day of the  
war will see the Church in Wales deprived of its ancient endowments.

Churchmen of every political party are invited to continue their  
support of the Central Church Defence Committee so that, when  
national conditions permit, it may launch an effective campaign for the  
repeal of the Welsh Church Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at  
the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard,  
Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,  
Secretary.

## MESSRS. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT  
**43 PICCADILLY, W.**

BOOKS, ESPECIALLY THOSE ON THE WAR, ENGRAVINGS AND  
AUTOGRAPHS on View; Valued for Probate; Bought for Cash.  
Telephone: Mayfair 9601. Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.

## ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the  
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.  
**MODERATE TERMS.** Omnibus meets all trains.  
Proprietor, S. AIREY.

## AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

Visitors enjoy every Hotel  
Comfort, with the Baths  
and Amusements of a  
Hydro at moderate cost.

**THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED.**

Head Office - - - Yokohama.  
London Office - - - 7 Bishopsgate, E.C.

Capital Subscribed .....	Yen 48,000,000
Capital Paid Up .....	Yen 30,000,000
Reserve Fund .....	Yen 20,000,000

The Seventy-first Half-Yearly General Meeting of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on 10 September 1915, when the Directors submitted the following statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and the Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ended 30 June 1915, which was duly approved.

**BALANCE SHEET.**

30 June 1915.

LIABILITIES.		Y.
Capital (paid up) .....		30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund .....		19,600,000.00
Reserve for Doubtful Debts .....		1,475,281.28
Notes in Circulation .....		5,563,901.31
Deposits (Current, Fixed, etc.) .....		163,455,607.40
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank .....		101,034,821.01
Dividends Unclaimed .....		10,554.77
Amount brought forward from last Account .....		1,335,248.27
Net Profit for the past Half-year .....		2,203,375.94
		Yen 324,378,789.98

ASSETS.		Y.	Y.
Cash Account—			
In Hand .....	22,401,003.89		
At Bankers .....	12,484,927.01		34,885,930.90
Investments in Public Securities .....		20,688,803.50	
Bills discounted, Loans, Advances, etc. ....		103,882,792.31	
Bills receivable and other Sums due to the Bank .....		155,437,683.31	
Bullion and Foreign Money .....		5,124,358.48	
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, etc. ....		4,359,221.41	
		Yen 324,378,789.98	

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.**

LIABILITIES.		Y.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bills, Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, etc. ....		16,346,420.57
To Reserve Fund .....		400,000.00
To Dividend—		
{ yen 6.00 per Old Share for 240,000 Shares }		1,800,000.00
{ yen 1.50 per New Share " " }		
To balance carried forward to next Account .....		1,338,624.21
		Yen 19,885,044.78

ASSETS.		Y.
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1914 .....		1,335,248.27
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1915 .....		18,549,796.51
		Yen 19,885,044.78

**DICK, KERR & CO.**

The ordinary general meeting of Dick, Kerr and Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. Claud T. Cayley (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Just over a year ago, when we last met, I fancy the large majority of us fully anticipated that before we met again the war would be over, and we would be in a position of considering our own affairs from a normal point of view. As it is, the position remains much as it was. We are in a state of suspense, living from hand to mouth, as it were, all our normal development stopped, and our energies transferred to the special requirements of the time. I told you last year that, in the opinion of your directors, the company would experience some lean years after the war before we could hope for the re-establishment of our standard business, especially in heavy manufacturing, and I have no reason to alter this opinion. The profit on this year's trading is principally derived from orders and contracts taken before the war, and which are gradually falling in to a finish. These, as can be readily understood, are not being replaced by others of similar nature, so that, although we are busy now on abnormal work, there is bound to be a transition period occupied in re-establishing normal conditions, and it is because of this that your directors cannot see their way to recommend a dividend on the ordinary shares. They feel that some reserve must be made to bridge over that period. I have mentioned that we are busy now, and we are hopeful that some reasonable profit proportionate to the efforts being made will be permitted—sufficient, at all events, to make it unnecessary next year to put such a large percentage of profit to reserve for contingencies.

Clear indications, however, have been given, first, in the Munitions Act, and, secondly, in the Budget, of the Government's intention to absorb excess profits, especially if derived from work due directly to the war. No person can object to this principle, but at the same time no one, at all events outside the Government, can predict to what extent it will be applied, and it therefore behoves us to be ultra conservative in dealing with our accounts at the present time. There is no abnormal change to draw attention to in the accounts. Contracts are larger than they have been for some years. One cause is found in the Metropolitan Water Board contract, where a very large amount of plant is required, and which is going on, although suffering to some extent for want of labour. Another cause is in connection with certain changes and developments on the manufacturing side of the business, respecting which, however, I cannot go into details. I do not know that there is anything in the balance-sheet to which I need draw special attention. You will observe that contracts figure at £460,365, which is larger than in many previous years. The capital position remains about the same, and you will notice that we have placed £25,000 to a special reserve for contingencies.

**ELKIN MATHEWS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS:**  
Uniform with "Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers."

**POETICAL WORKS OF LIONEL JOHNSON**

Now first collected, with an introductory Study, an Alphabetical Index of Titles, and three Colotypes—including an unknown portrait of the poet. Crown 8vo. 346 pages. 7s. 6d. net.

LADY EBURY and A. LANGDON COBURN.

**MOOR PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE**

With an Introduction by LADY EBURY and twenty machine printed photogravures by A. L. COBURN. Fcap. 4to., 6s. net.

There is an eloquent description of the glories of this place in one of Sir William Temple's essays. It was here he spent his honeymoon with the adorable Dorothy (Osborne). Passages from the essay are given.

MAUDE GOLDRING.

**CHARLOTTE BRONTE: The Woman** Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

LADY JEPHSON.

**A WAR-TIME JOURNAL:**

Germany, 1914, and German Travel Notes. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Wrapper, 1s. 6d. net.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

**DREAMS (The Old Squire's Welcome—"The Charm 'For Ever'"—The Enemy).**

Small Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"These three little sketches are full of d-licacy, especially the first, which is the most delightful ghost story that we have read for a long time."—*Spectator*.

W. B. YEATS, and others.

**CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY—1914-1915**

(Representing the more active tendencies in contemporary verse.)

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

**BATTLE.** Crown 8vo. 1s. net.

FREDERICK ARTHUR.

**UNSEEN HORIZONS.** Crown 8vo. 152 pp. 3s. 6d. net.

ROBERT BOWYER NICHOLS.

**INVOCATION: War Poems and Others.**

Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Wrapper, 1s. net.

"Invocation" was included in the collection of war poems recently reprinted by *The Times*.

TOM STAVELEY.

**EMPTY DAY: Verses.** Fcap. 8vo. 1s. net.

CHARLES S. JERRAM.

**WAR.** Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

C. FOX SMITH

**THE NAVAL CROWN: Ballads and Songs of the War.** (Uniform with "Songs in Sail" and "Sailor Town.") Royal 16mo. 1s. net.

CORK STREET, LONDON, W.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE  
COUNTRY AND IF YOU  
WANT THE

**Very Latest War News**

ON SUNDAY MORNING  
send a Post Office Order for

**4/4**

to the Publisher of the "Evening Standard," 104 Shoe Lane, London, and for six months you will receive at your breakfast table on Sunday morning the SATURDAY SPECIAL EDITION of the

**Evening Standard**

The best informed, best edited, and most widely read of any of the penny evening newspapers.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS SELLING  
WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE,  
PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD  
LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, TRADE  
STOCKS AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for public sale.

Auctions on Owners' premises in all parts of the country are held as required.



A  
REMARKABLE  
NEW ISSUE

# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

1/- net  
Cloth2/- net  
cather

JUST PUBLISHED  
INCLUDING

## GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY

2 vols. COMPLETE FOR 2/- 2 vols.

Edited and Revised by L. CECIL JANE.

An Appendix bringing it up to date, by R. P. FARLEY.

SIX COLOUR MAPS.

NEWMAN'S On the Scope and Nature of University Education, and a lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation. Introduction by *Wilfrid Ward*.—WILLIAM PENN'S The Peace of Europe, Some Fruits of Solitude, etc.—IBSEN'S Lady Inger of Ostraat, Love's Comedy, and the League of Youth. Trans. by *R. Farquharson Sharp*.—GOGOL'S Dead Souls. Trans. by *C. J. Hogarth*.

And 6 other important Books.  
DESCRIPTIVE LIST SENT  
POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

## THE HUDSON BAY ROAD.

By A. H. DE TRÉMAUDAN. With 32 Half-Tone Illustrations and Maps. Large crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

A most valuable book on the Hudson Bay Railway, which is to run from the Pas, Manitoba, to Port Nelson.

## WHO BUILT THE PANAMA CANAL?

By W. LEON PEPPERMAN. Illustrated with Drawings by JOSEPH PENNEL, and Maps and Portraits. 7s. 6d. net.

The real story of this great human achievement.

## THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY CRITICISM. By DAVID WATSON RANNIE. Sq. cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

## SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW.

By JOHN and EVELYN DEWEY. Illustrated. Large crown 8vo. 5s. net.

Prof. Dewey, the well known and distinguished American educationalist, in this book gives an account of the theories and views of educational reformers, and describes these theories when put into practice.

## THE CHILD: His Nature and Nurture.

By W. B. DRUMMOND, M.B., C.M., M.R.C.P.E. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.

## A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND, and Other Poems.

By HELEN GRAY CONE. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

The title poem is a reply by the charming American poetess, Helen Gray Cone, to the German Hymn of Hate for England.

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd. 24 ALDINE HOUSE  
BEDFORD ST., LONDON

## Macmillan's New Books.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.  
FRANCE AT WAR.

16mo. Sewed. 6d. net.

NEW LONG NOVEL  
BY H. G. WELLS.  
THE RESEARCH  
MAGNIFICENT. 6s.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S New Story.

The Extra Day. 6s.

The *Daily Graphic*.—"The book is a thing of rare beauty, rich in inspiring humour, and, above all, pervaded by the ethereal atmosphere of the soul of beauty which dwells within all material phenomena."

BY AUTHOR OF "THE CROCK OF GOLD."

The Adventures of Seumas Beg: The Rocky Road to Dublin. Verses for Children. By JAMES STEPHENS, Author of "The Crock of Gold," &c. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Sixteenth Thousand.

Ordeal by Battle. By F. S. OLIVER. 8vo. 6s. net.

With the Russian Army. By ROBERT R. McCORMICK, Major, 1st Cavalry, Illinois National Guards. With Maps, Charts, and Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo. 6s. net.

An Untamed Territory. The Northern Territory of Australia. By ELSIE R. MASSON. With Illustrations and Maps. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

The *Sunday Times*.—"Very few books of travel which have appeared of late years have furnished pleasanter or more profitable reading than the modest, well-written and excellently illustrated volume entitled 'An Untamed Territory.'"

The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, The Potter. By his Great Grand-daughter, the late JULIA WEDGWOOD. Revised and Edited, with an Introduction and a Prefatory Memoir of the Author, by C. H. HERFORD. With Illustrations. 8vo. 12s. net.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel.  
JUST PUBLISHED.

NORTH AMERICA, VOL. I.

## CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

By

HENRY M. AML,

M.A., D.Sc., F.G.S., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C.

Second Edition. Revised, extended and largely re-written. Profusely illustrated with many new illustrations and maps. 1,098 pp., large crown 8vo, cloth, price 15s. net.

New Illustrated Prospectus of the Complete Series gratis on application.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, Ltd., 12, 13, and 14, Long Acre, W.C.  
Cartographers to H.M. the King.

SIXTH EDITION. THE BOOK OF VIGOROUS LIFE. 2s. net.  
By ARS VIVENDI ARTHUR LOVELL

"So sane and inspiring."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Exceedingly useful work."—*Liverpool Courier*.

"Containing practical advice on development of mind and body."—*The Times*.

Of all Booksellers, or 2s. 4d. from

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LONDON, E.C.

# THE EVERSLEY SERIES

Globe 8vo. cloth, 4s. net per volume.

**ESSAYS OF ADDISON.** Chosen and Edited, with a Memoir and a few Notes, by Sir J. G. FRAZER, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols.

**MATTHEW ARNOLD'S WORKS.** 8 vols.

Poems. 3 vols. *Essays in Criticism.* First Series. *Essays in Criticism.* Second Series. *American Discourses.* Letters, 1848-1888. Collected and Arranged by G. W. R. RUSSELL. 2 vols.

**A MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN.** By her Nephew, J. E. AUSTEN LEIGH. To which is added "Lady Susan," and Fragments of two other Unfinished Tales by Miss AUSTEN.

**ESSAYS BY GEORGE BRIMLEY.** Third Edition.

**CALDERON.** Eight Dramas of Calderon freely translated. By EDWARD FITZGERALD.

**CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.** Edited by A. W. POLLARD. 2 vols.

**DEAN CHURCH'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.**

Collected Edition. 9 vols. *Miscellaneous Essays.* Dante, and other Essays. *St. Anselm.* Bacon. Spenser. *The Oxford Movement.* Twelve Years, 1833-1845. *The Beginning of the Middle Ages.* (Included in this series by permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.) *Occasional Papers.* Selected from the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday Review*, 1846-1890. 2 vols.

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN CHURCH.** Edited by his Daughter, MARY C. CHURCH.

**LECTURES AND ESSAYS BY THE LATE W. K. OLIFFORD, F.R.S.** Edited by the late Sir LESLIE STEPHEN and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK. Third Edition. In 2 vols.

**SELECT LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER.** With Introductory Memoir and Notes by Sir J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. In 2 vols.

**EMERSON'S COLLECTED WORKS.** 6 vols. With Introduction by JOHN MORLEY.

*Miscellaneous.* *Essays.* *Poems.* *English Traits and Representative Men.* *The Conduct of Life, and Society and Solitude.* *Letters and Social Aims.*

**LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.** Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT. 2 vols.

**LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD TO FANNY KEMBLE, 1871-1883.** Edited by W. A. WRIGHT.

**MORE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.** Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

**DICTIONARY OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.** By EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited and Annotated by his Great-Niece, MARY ELEANOR FITZGERALD KERRICH. With Illustrations. 2 vols.

**PAUSANIAS AND OTHER GREEK SKETCHES.** By Sir J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L.

**GOETHE'S MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.** Translated with Introductions by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS. "The Scientific and Artistic Maxims were selected by Prof. Huxley and Lord Leighton respectively."

**THOMAS GRAY'S COLLECTED WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE.** Edited by EDMUND GOSS. 4 vols. *Poems, Journals, and Essays.* *Letters.* 2 vols. *Notes on Aristophanes and Plato.*

**J. R. GREEN'S WORKS.** 16 vols.

*History of the English People.* 8 vols. *The Making of England.* 1 vol. *The Conquest of England.* 2 vols. *Stray Studies from England and Italy.* Oxford Studies. *Stray Studies.* Second Series. *Historical Studies.*

**GUESSES AT TRUTH.** By Two Brothers.

**EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY.** Being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT, Author of "The Forest Lovers." Third Edition, revised.

**R. H. HUTTON'S COLLECTED ESSAYS.** 7 vols.

*Literary Essays.* *Theological Essays.* *Essays on Some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith.* *Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers.* 2 vols. *Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought.* Edited by his Niece, ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE. *Brief Literary Criticism.* Edited by his Niece, ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE.

**THE CHOICE OF BOOKS,** and other Literary Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

**THE MEANING OF HISTORY,** and other Historical Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

**POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD.** Edited, with Prefatory Memoir, by the late Canon AINGER. In 2 vols. Vol. I. *Serious Poems.* Vol. II. *Poems of Wit and Humour.* With *Vignettes and Portraits.*

**THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS.**

12 vols. *Methods and Results.* *Science and Education.* *Science and Hekrew Tradition.* *Science and Christian Tradition.* *Hume.* With Helps to the Study of Berkeley. *Man's Place in Nature,* and other Anthropological Essays. *Discourses:* Biological and Geological. *Evolution and Ethics,* and other Essays. *Life and Letters.* 3 vols. *Darwinian.*

**FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.** By HENRY JAMES.

**PARTIAL PORTRAITS.** By HENRY JAMES.

**MODERN GREECE.** Two Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, with Papers on "The Progress of Greece" and "Byron in Greece." By Sir RICHARD C. JEBB, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Second Edition.

**LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.** Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN.

**EPIC AND ROMANCE.** By W. P. KER.

**CHARLES KINGSLEY'S NOVELS AND POEMS.**

11 vols. *Westward Ho!* 2 vols. *Alton Locke.* 2 vols. *Two Years Ago.* 2 vols. *Yeast.* 1 vol. *Hypatia.* 2 vols. *Poems.* 2 vols.

**CHARLES LAMB'S COLLECTED WORKS.** Edited with Introduction and Notes, by the late Rev. Canon AINGER, M.A. 6 vols.

*The Essays of Elia.* *Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays.* *Mrs. Leicester's School,* and other writings. *Tales from Shakespeare.* By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. *The Letters of Charles Lamb.* Newly arranged, with additions 1904. 2 vols.

**LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB.** By the late Canon AINGER, M.A.

**HISTORICAL ESSAYS.** By the late J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.** Edited with Memoir, Introduction, and Notes, by DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D. 3 vols.

**JOHN MORLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS.** 14 vols.

*Voltaire.* 1 vol. *Disraeli and the Encyclopaedists.* 2 vols. *On Compromise.* 1 vol. *Burke.* 1 vol. *Oliver Cromwell.* 2 vols. *Rousseau.* 2 vols. *Miscellaneous.* 3 vols. *Studies in Literature.* 1 vol. *The Life of Richard Cobden.* 2 vols.

**SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE,** and other Essays. By F. W. H. MYERS, M.A.

**CLASSICAL ESSAYS.** By F. W. H. MYERS.

**MODERN ESSAYS.** By F. W. H. MYERS.

**RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND BROWNING.** By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

**WORKS BY SIR JOHN R. SEELEY, Litt.D.** 5 vols.

*The Expansion of England.* Two courses of Lectures. *Lectures and Essays.* *Bece Homo.* *Natural Religion.* *Introduction to Political Science.* Two Series of Lectures.

**THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE.** With short Introduction and Footnotes by Prof. C. H. HERFORD. In 10 vols. "The Plays may also be had in separate volumes, cloth, 1s. each; roan, gilt tops, 2s. each."

**SHAKESPEARE.** By Sir WALTER RALEIGH. Globe 8vo. 4s. net.

**WORKS BY JAMES SMETHAM.** 2 vols.

*Letters.* With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM and WILLIAM DAVIES. With a Portrait. *Literary Works.* Edited by WILLIAM DAVIES.

**THE WORKS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.**

Annotated by the Author. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. 9 vols. (Sold separately.) Vol. I. *Poems.* Vol. II. *Poems.* Vol. III. *Enoch Arden: In Memoriam.* Vol. IV. *The Princess: Maud.* Vol. V. *Idylls of the King.* Vol. VI. *Ballads and other Poems.* Vol. VII. *Demonster and other Poems.* Vol. VIII. *Queen Mary and Harold.* Vol. IX. *Becket and other Plays.*

**SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOREAU.**

**ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE WEST.** By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham.

**THE WORKS OF WORDSWORTH.** Edited by Prof. KNIGHT. In 10 vols. Each volume contains a Portrait and Vignettes etched by H. MANESSE. *Poetical Works.* 8 vols. *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth.* 2 vols.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.